MEMORIES OF A HUNDRED YEARS

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

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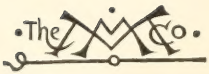
Memories of a Hundred Years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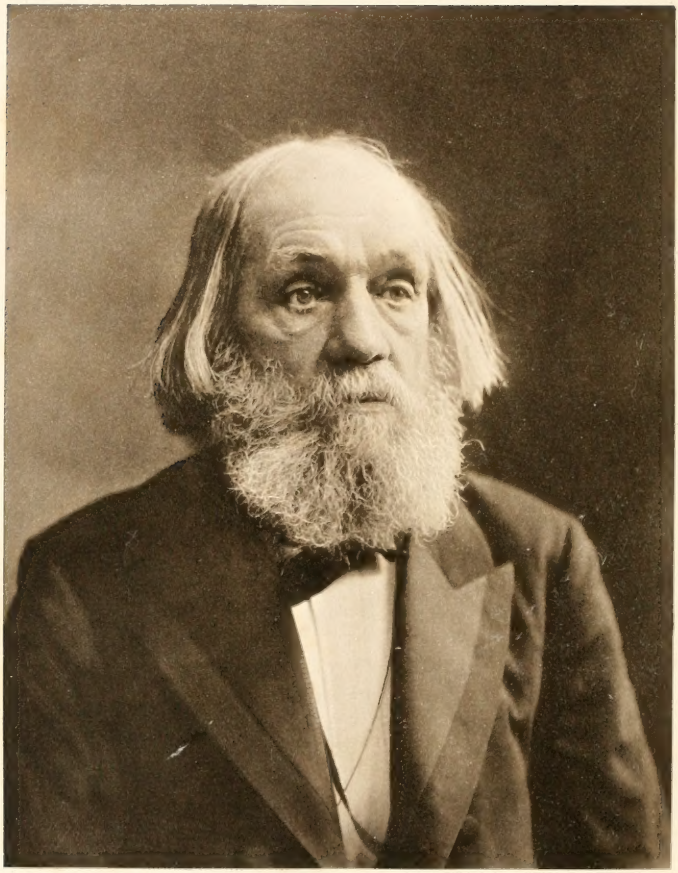

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Memories of a Hundred Years

BY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY," ETC.

VOLUME I

New York

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PREFACE

I LIVE in a large, old-fashioned house which is crowded from cellar to attic with letters and other manuscripts, with pamphlets, and with newspapers. Here are the diaries and correspondence of my own generation, of my father's and mother's, and of their fathers' and mothers'. Boxes, drawers, cabinets, secretaries, closets, full of "your uncle's papers," or "your grandfather's," or his.

Only the most gracious of house-mothers would tolerate such stores.

And I have inherited the passion for history. My father was a great journalist. He loved to study history in the original documents. Boston Stamp Act? Here are the pamphlets. President Adams's private advice to Alexander Everett? Here it is. Mr. Webster's current opinions on the tariff? Here they are. Do you wonder, dear reader, that when the hearers are amiable, your old friend who writes these

words, now in his eightieth year, is apt to prophesy or to chatter about the history of his own generation and the generation before his own as he saw it through his own keyholes?

His friends and yours of *The Outlook* have met him more than half-way in such habits of his. And it is so that you see these "memories of a hundred years."

39 Highland Street, Roxbury,
September 1, 1901.

With the preface above I introduced to the readers of *The Outlook* magazine a series of fourteen chapters, which have been printed in that journal in the last year. Many kind correspondents have furnished memoranda for the correction and the enlargement of those papers. And thus I am able to send to the press these volumes.

EDW. E. HALE.

October 10, 1902.

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FOR FIVE YEARS

MEMORIES OF A HUNDRED YEARS

CHAPTER I

FOR FIVE YEARS

NO! I am not as old as the century. A dear little Italian girl at Miss Noyes's Kindergarten asked me the other day if I were George Washington. I was flattered. I was pleased, as we are always pleased by flattery. But I had to confess that I was not "the father of his country." She seemed relieved. She simply said, "*He* was *very* white," with an emphasis on the "he" and the "very," and we changed the conversation.

All the same, that year 1801 stands out in the family record here with a very bright vermilion mark. For it was on an autumn day in the year 1800 that my father was at work in his father's garden in Westhampton, Mass. I should say he was digging potatoes, if I dared rely on a memory of iron which seldom deceives me. And the family tradition says he was digging potatoes. But modern historical realism requires stern ac-

curacy, and I will not swear. Anyway, he was at work in the garden.

His father, my grandfather, Enoch Hale, suddenly called him into the house, and told him that he was called that he might see Tutor Gould. I have no doubt that the boy washed his hands in the perennial spring which still flows in the woodshed behind the kitchen, and, with this immediate preparation only, joined the two ministers in his father's study.

The boy was sixteen years old on the 16th of August, which had recently passed.

Of the two ministers whom he met in the study, one was Enoch Hale, who had been minister at Westhampton since 1777, and who died in that charge in 1837. The other was the Rev. Vinson Gould, remembered by Williams College men as one of their early tutors. Williams College, in the northwestern township of Massachusetts, had been chartered by the General Court of that State in the year 1793. It was founded to carry out a bequest from Colonel Ephraim Williams, a frontier colonel in the "French War." At the moment I am trying to describe, Tutor Gould was engaged in recruiting for the College, and picking up pupils here and there.

Here is the brief account of his arrival in the Rev. Enoch Hale's Journal: —

"Oct. 6, 1800. Showery morning. Kill sheep. Mr. Vinson Gould, candidate and tutor at Williams College, dines here. Examines Nathan and admits him a member of Williams College. Mr. T. Wood also dines. He last night at Mr. J. S. Parsons. Afternoon ride Mr. E. Rust. His child sick."

They told the boy that he was to be examined in Greek and Latin, that Mr. Gould might judge whether he were fit to enter Williams College at the next term. One pauses to consider how satisfactory to the pupil was this system of examination. One imagines President Low and President Eliot in this summer of 1901 riding on horseback from town to town to examine their future students in Greek and Latin at their homes. How much of the misery of modern examinations must have been saved to our fathers and our grandfathers! The boy read his Greek Testament to the satisfaction of both his examiners. He read such scraps of Latin as they gave him to their equal satisfaction. Mr. Gould expressed his pleasure, and said that the boy was quite prepared for the college course.

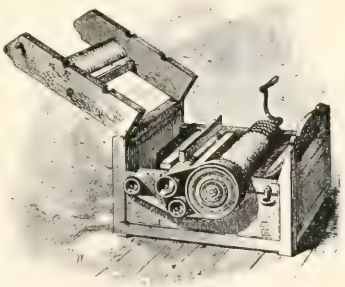
My grandmother gave them all their dinner, which you may be sure was daintily served, and Tutor Gould mounted his horse again and proceeded on his way. I like to begin these memories with that story, because once for all it compares the simplicity of those days with the clatter and creaking, with the fuss and feathers, of to-day. And let me say, as we pass on, that I think the Latin and the Greek had been well taught and well learned. The teacher was my grandfather, who had learned his Latin and Greek at Yale College with his brother and classmate Nathan Hale, the same whose statue stands by Broadway to-day. How much of my father's Latin and Greek he learned at Williamstown I cannot say, but,

NATHAN HALE.
From an etching by S. Hollyer.

as a man, he read both languages easily and with pleasure. He kept up his acquaintance with both until he died.

LOUISIANA

The boy who was digging potatoes in October, 1800, graduated at Williams College in the summer of 1804. In the four years between a great deal was going on in this world. On the other side of the ocean, Napoleon made peace with Great Britain. The peace lasted for a year and a half, and then the English Ministry forced him into war again. Meanwhile he sold Louisiana to the United States — almost half of our present domain, everything which we hold between the Mississippi and the crest of the Rocky Mountains.



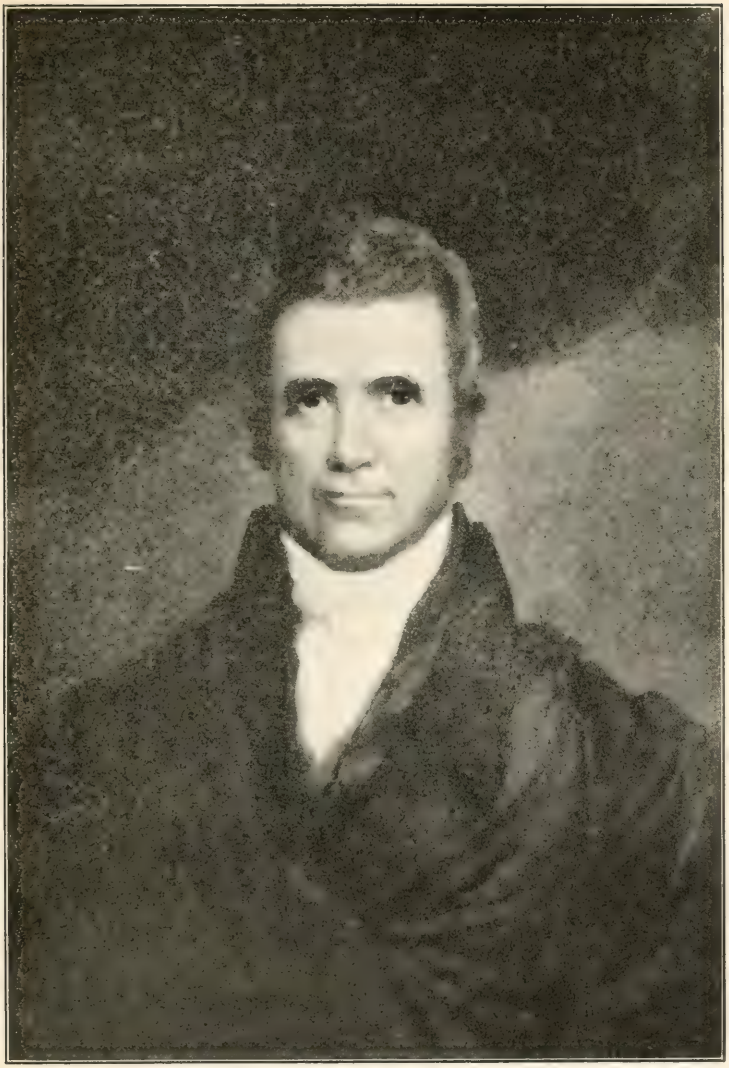
The First Cotton-gin.

In the same years, Fulton was building his first steamboat, and without the steamboat little use had we for the Mississippi Valley. In the same years, Eli Whitney's cotton-gin begins to teach men how cotton

is to be king. In the same years, Thomas Jefferson is learning what a nation is, and John Marshall is teaching all America, what till now America does not know, that the United States IS a Nation. Even Jefferson had thought that the United States *were* a Confederacy.

To speak of one detail in this four years' history, on the 22d day of March, 1801, Philip Nolan, the first explorer of Texas, was killed at Waco, in Texas, by one Spanish official, while he was acting under the orders of another. For this atrocity and others which preceded it and others which followed in its train, the people of the Mississippi Valley never forgave Spain; and we have seen the result in our own time.

While such seeds were planted in one hemisphere or another, the Westhampton boy, glad to be released from the care of the potatoes, was perfecting his Latin and Greek at Williams College. He studied Hebrew also. I asked him once why he did this. He laughed and said, "Because there was nothing else to study." But this was not literally true. The mathematical course was thorough, and led him through studies which delighted him. For his work in



JOHN MARSHALL.

From the portrait by Jarvis, owned by Justice Gray.

internal improvements as an accomplished civil engineer, Williams College gave him good preparation.

He thoroughly enjoyed his college life. He was so accurate in after life as a classical scholar and as a mathematician that I am sure he must have used his time well.

The students had already divided themselves into the Philotechnian and Philologian Societies. It has pleased me, in these later years, to think that, as he became so distinguished a craftsman in the great enterprises by which men control nature, he should have been ranked among the Philotechnians or artificers. But this may have been an accident.

They still preserve in the College Library the old record-book of the Philotechnian. It was while he was Secretary that Livingston in Paris bought Louisiana for the country. "I have given England her rival," said Napoleon, and we have to confess that it was to Napoleon's foresight that we owe that purchase and all which has followed it. Jefferson was badly frightened, but had to accept the present. The New England Federalists detested the whole business. And these boys of the Philotechnian, sons of Federalist fathers, put themselves on

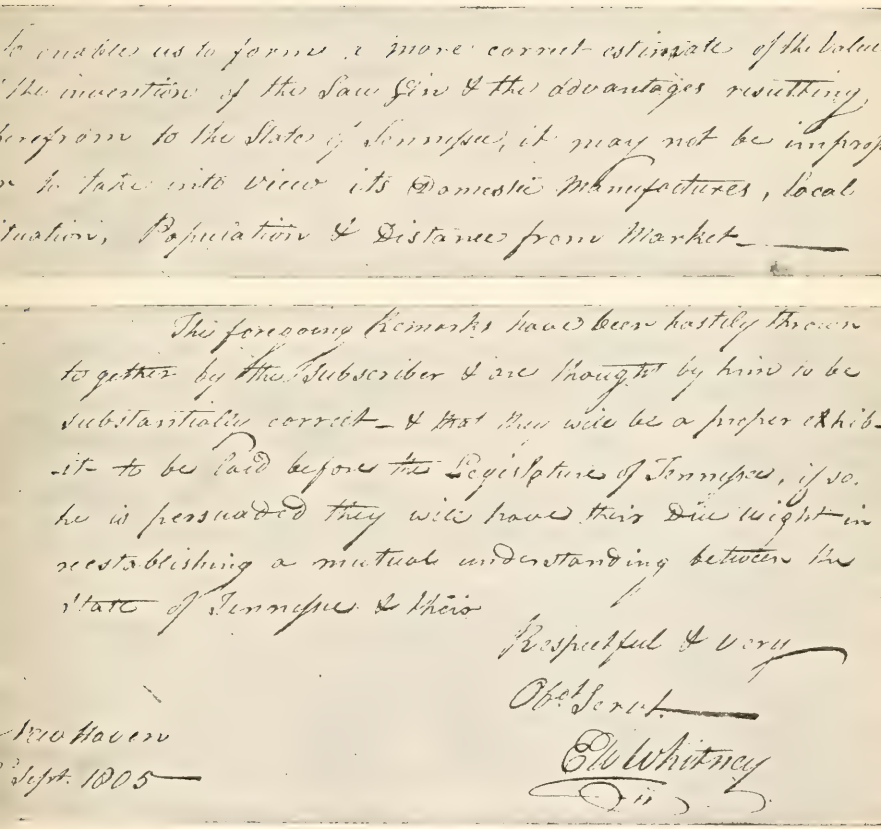
record. Here is the minute of the meeting which debated the

"*Question.* Is the purchase of Louisiana desirable? Decided in the negative: fifteen to one."

The New England States hated the whole business because they supposed that the emigration would strip them of their population. Little did Massachusetts think then that the time would come when she would pay in that region for her breadstuffs with her fish and lobsters as she does now.

But, alas! you can look through the records of the young craftsmen of the Philotechnian and find no reference to Eli Whitney's cotton-gin or to Robert Fulton's steamboat, two inventions already at work which were to revolutionize their land. Had any prophet told them this, they would have said he was a fool.

Yet, indeed, without the steamboat, of what use was Louisiana? Without it Lewis and Clark were eighteen months in 1804 and 1805 in going from St. Louis to the Pacific, and eight months in 1806 in coming back. They did not know it, but a year before they left St. Louis the two Roberts, Fulton and Livingston, were build-



to enables us to form a more correct estimate of the value
the invention of the Saw Gin & the advantages resulting
therefrom to the State of Tennessee, it may not be improp
to take into view its Domestic Manufactures, local
situation, Population & Distance from Market.

The foregoing Remarks have been hastily thrown
together by the Subscriber & are thought by him to be
substantially correct — & that they will be a proper exhib-
it to be laid before the Legislature of Tennessee, if so,
he is persuaded they will have their due weight in
reestablishing a mutual understanding between the
State of Tennessee & their

Respectful & very
Obt Servt
Eli Whitney

New Haven
Sept. 1805

ELI WHITNEY'S LETTER TO THE STATE OF TENNESSEE ON THE ADVANTAGES OF THE COTTON-GIN.

From the original, owned by the Hon. Eli Whitney, of New Haven, and here reproduced for the first time.

ing the steamboat which, before the summer was over, was sailing on the Seine, at Paris. I do not believe that one of the Philotechnian boys had ever heard of Eli Whitney, though he was of their own State. He was from the eastern half of their State, of which they did not know much. Yet his machine had been eight years at work, as at least twenty-five thousand bales of cotton were exported in that year. But, from Jefferson down, not a man, except Whitney, perhaps, foresaw the ascendency which the cotton-gin was to give to the Southern country, and that while they still lived King Cotton was to be ruling with a sceptre harder than iron. As late as 1795, in the negotiations for Jay's treaty, nobody alluded to cotton as a possible article of export from America. Eight years afterward, while the boys were discussing the Louisiana treaty, Slater was weaving cotton in Pawtucket in Rhode Island, and the Cabots in Beverly in Massachusetts. But I doubt if any of the Philotechnians knew that. No! they were all dressed in homely clothes of homespun cloth, cotton and woollen, woven in most cases on their mothers' looms.

THE FOUR GREAT BUILDERS

As late in the century as 1792 the Abbé Genty, in France, had written a prize essay on the question whether the discovery of America by Columbus had been of more good or evil to the world. I think that the general opinion of people who thought about the matter at all was that the discovery had done more harm than good. The Abbé Genty took the other side. In his argument he had to put forward, with as much spirit as he could command, the possible contribution which the United States, a nation then three years old, would make to the world.

Before twenty years were over many of his prophecies were fulfilled. And for the visible changes in that time we are indebted to four men — whom one might call the Four Founders.

Two of them are men whose names were on the lips of people who then talked about history; they were Napoleon Bonaparte and Robert Livingston. The other two were Eli Whitney and Robert Fulton.

It is worth observation that the three Americans were not the men who thought they were the leaders, or who made most figure in the journals. Thomas Jefferson, Aaron Burr, Fisher

Ames, John Bidwell, Tristam Burges, for instances, made a good deal of noise in the newspapers. Jefferson was President and Burr was Vice-President. But Jefferson did nothing which made the feeble Nation strong; Burr was in exile in less than four years from the time when he was Vice-President. And the reader wonders why I name the others.

Robert R. Livingston.
From an engraving by H. B. Hall.

I do so because when Bidwell and Burges spoke in the House of Representatives the Senate could not hold a quorum, and when Ames spoke it was thought well in the Senate to adjourn, lest men should vote on their side too precipitately. It is such men as they who fill the newspapers of the day; yes, and the private letters of the day. All the same, such men did not make the America of 1812 or of 1850 from the

America of 1799. The four men who can be named as leaders were the Four Founders I have named above.

Napoleon's share in the creation of America is this. He instructed Marbois, his Foreign Secretary, to offer to the United States the great wilderness called Louisiana — the whole part of the valley of the Mississippi which is between that river and the Rocky Mountains. Robert Livingston received the offer and he had the courage to accept it — without orders from home. To these two men does the United States owe half the continent.

Remember this, O young graduates of 1902! Remember that States are made by makers. Remember that the Leaders lead. Remember that it is not the gift of tongues which makes the Leader. Remember that the men who can, can. Such men are. And such men do.

An American shipmaster, Robert Gray, had discovered the Columbia River and entered its mouth in 1795. With this discovery begins our claim to a hold on the Pacific shore. After this the three great steps forward are: First, the importance of the cotton crop began to assert itself. In the years 1801, 1802, 1803, the export

of cotton from America to England was thirty-three million pounds.

This increase of power was due to Eli Whitney, whose cotton-gin had been patented in 1795.

Second is the great proposal by Napoleon to Robert Livingston, made in Paris in May, 1803. Napoleon, as I have said, offered to sell to the infant nation called "The United States" all the territory between the Mississippi River and the crest of the Rocky Mountains.

THE FIRST TRIP OF THE "CLERMONT," SEPTEMBER, 1807.
From a drawing by J. H. Sherwin.

The third of these events is the voyage of the *Clermont* steamboat from New York to Albany on the 7th day of August, 1807, which has

led to the opening up of the great watercourses of America, all but useless before.

There must always be remembered with this series the marvellous extension of the maritime commerce of the United States in the period between 1790 and 1815. No one person can be said to have invented this marvellous progress. There is no one person whose bust can be placed in any hall of heroes as a type of it. What is certain is that Thomas Jefferson and the people of his type did all they could to arrest it: and what is also certain is that, in face of all they did, the shipping of the United States increased between the year 1789 and the year 1812 in such a proportion that the United States, at the end of the Napoleonic wars, was one of the first maritime powers.

Given now these four miracles — first, the appearance of cotton; second, the doubling of the territory of America; third, the development of steam especially, in the commerce of the great rivers of the American continent; and, fourth, the navigation which made the United States for twenty years the carrying power of the world — given these four series of events, and in their history you know why the insignificant confederacy which the Abbé Genty described became a

Nation hopeful in its arts, not insignificant in its arms, and renowned throughout the world in its commerce.

It is, as I have said, worth noting that, among men who call themselves statesmen, but who appear on the stage as politicians, Livingston is the only one who contributed in any important degree to these triumphs. You may read through the diaries of the party leaders of the twenty years between the invention of the cotton-gin and the Treaty of Ghent, and you will find hardly an allusion, in the writings of the politicians, either to the invention of the cotton-gin, the invention of the steamboat, or the value to the Nation of the great rivers of the West. On the other hand, three out of four of them were doing their best to destroy our commerce at sea.

LIVINGSTON AND FULTON

While Nathan Hale was studying Latin and Greek and Hebrew, a revolution impended which neither Williams College, nor Thomas Jefferson, nor the sophomore Nathan Hale dreamed of.

Fulton's model steamboat ran upon the Seine.

In 1843 I met intimately his companion in

young life. Edward Church, then an old man in Northampton, Mass..

Fulton and he were room-mates in Paris in 1803. I think they both slept in the same bed. I know that Fulton's model steamer had succeeded so well that Fulton had waited on Napoleon's people with his plans for steam navigation, and had been courteously received. Napoleon was already planning the expedition against England. It had been planned before the peace; and this project for boats which would go against wind and tide and could tow other boats full of men from one side of the Channel to the other was just what he wanted. Church told me that a committee had been appointed to examine

Robert Fulton.

From an engraving by H. B. Hall, Jr., after the portrait by B. West.

Fulton's model. Fulton had prepared everything for the examination as well as he could, and had all things ready for a show trip. The day was appointed — a day which would have been a red-letter day in both their lives and in history.

Alas and alas! Before that day dawned, when both were in bed, and, as I say, I think both in the same bed, a rat-tat-tat at the door awaked them. It was from a messenger who had come in hot haste from the river to say that the weight of the engine had caused it to break through the too fragile barge, and that the engine was at the bottom of the Seine!

That particular experiment never took place. The trial trip was postponed. Observe that she had successfully navigated the river already.

This is Mr. Church's account, as I wrote it down — after his death, as I am sorry to say.

(Memorandum: N.B. When you know anything worth knowing which few other people know, write it down at once.)

I have since verified this story, and can supply the details almost to the date. When Fulton told the story, he said that the messenger's consternation announced that he bore bad news, and that he exclaimed in French in accents of de-

spair, "Oh, sir, the boat has broken to pieces, and has gone to the bottom." This was early in the spring of 1803. "An agitation of the river by the wind" had broken the little boat in two.

Poor Fulton rushed to the place, and personally assisted in raising boat and engine from the water. He worked on this for twenty-four hours without food, and to his exposure that day he attributed afterward much of his bad health. The machinery was not much hurt, but they had to reconstruct the boat almost entirely. The new boat was sixty-six feet long; and early in August, after the accident, she made a successful trial, to which Fulton invited the members of the Institute. He was satisfied with his success. But the first failure, according to Mr. Church, chilled the committee of the Institute, and Fulton found that he should have no encouragement from Napoleon.

All those experiments were made with the coöperation of Robert R. Livingston — "Chancellor Livingston" — the wisest American of the time — according to me. He was our Minister in France. Observe now that on the 30th of April, 1803, this wise man bought Louisiana from Napoleon for fifteen million dollars.

Observe that on the 12th of May Lord Whitworth, the English Minister, demanded his passports and that war with England began — the war which ended with Elba. Observe that on the 18th day of May, 1804, Napoleon proclaimed himself Emperor, and that he had already begun to gather his army at Boulogne and the neighborhood for an invasion of England. And consider the use he would have made of twenty steam barges.

NAPOLEON.
From the etching by J. David after the portrait by L. David.

Of the committee of the Institute to whom the plans had been referred, F. Emmanuel Molard is named first, he or his brother Claude Pierre Molard — both distinguished French engineers. I do not know

which of them "made the great refusal." The next was M. Bovrel, whose name even is not in the dictionaries; and the last is Montgolfier! Was there a covert satire in appointing the balloonist?

What we know is that Napoleon and the Institute turned a cold eye on the little steamer, though they must have seen her as she plied back and forth on the Seine that summer. And we know that Livingston did believe in her, and that what followed, the great success which made steam navigation universal, was attained on the Hudson and not on the Seine. I do not find the date of the fatal morning when the engine broke through the bottom of the first boat. But it was early in the spring. It was on the 24th of January, 1803, that Fulton had placed a model of it in the hands of the committee of the Academy. And, as I have said, it was in August of that year that the larger boat was finished and made her first trips on the river.

I have called "Chancellor Livingston," as he was called in those days, the wisest American of his time. Franklin had died in 1790. In the latter part of his life the Chancellor wrote his name Robert R. Livingston, to distinguish him-

self from other Roberts in the family.[1] As early as 1795 he had obtained from the State of New York a concession of an exclusive right to navigate with steam vessels the waters of that State. I suppose his attention had been called to the subject by Jonathan Fitch's steamboat, which had run on the Delaware River as early as 1787.[2] Navigation by steam had taken such a hold on the minds of some Americans that on the 20th of May, 1803, Benjamin Latrobe, the first engineer in America, speaks of a "sort of mania, which has not entirely subsided, for impelling boats by steam engines." It will be well to remember that in the year 1800 there were but five steam engines in the whole country — small engines at that. And Latrobe proved that this was a mania by the paper which he read that day before the Philosophical Society in Philadelphia. Appleton's life of Fulton gives the following list of those who had used steam on boats of any description: Rumsey, on the Potomac, 1785; Fitch,

[1] A correspondent asks me why Robert R. Livingston does not appear among the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It is because it was supposed, at the moment, that he was more needed in the New York Assembly, and he was in his place there.

[2] Compare p. 116 of my unknown novel "East and West." — E. E. H.

on the Delaware, 1785, 1787; Millar, in Scotland, 1787; Read, 1789; Longstreet (Savannah), 1790; Samuel Morey, 1794.

Let the reader observe that Fulton's engine had sunk in the bottom of the Seine a few weeks before Latrobe's paper was read, and that Fulton and Livingston were beginning on the larger boat which was to ply on that river in August, 1803.

Fulton had begun life as a painter. There is a portrait of Franklin by him painted in Philadelphia when Franklin was more than eighty and Fulton was twenty or twenty-one. He afterward studied the art of painting for several years in London with Benjamin West, but he became more and more interested in engineering, in canals, mills, and aqueducts. He was Lord Stanhope's friend.[1] In 1794 he went to Paris, where he exhibited the first panorama ever shown there. It was in the street still known as the "Passage des Panorames," well known to artists who have studied in Paris. He was the friend of "Columbiad" Barlow, our Minister, and at once, apparently, came to know Livingston when Livingston arrived there as successor to Barlow.

[1] Stanhope of the Printing-Press, grandfather of Lord Mahon of the History.

Livingston, as I have said, had been interested in steamboats as early as 1795. He and Fulton were in full sympathy. The only reference to Fulton in Paris which I have found in our State Paper Office is in a letter from Livingston to the State Department as early as May 22, 1802, where he commends Fulton's plans for a diving apparatus and torpedo, but makes no reference to steam. Perhaps they had not yet entered on that matter, or, more probably, Livingston did not care to refer to it until it had succeeded.

Fulton's panorama was successful, and the boat built on the Seine was built at the joint expense of Fulton and Livingston. While Livingston always spoke of him as the successful inventor, Fulton always acknowledged Livingston's inestimable service to the great enterprise. One of the early American steamboats was the *Chancellor Livingston*. I know that I had never heard of this great man when I first heard of this steamboat.

The success of the experiment on the Seine induced Fulton and Livingston to order an engine in England, which was that used on the *Clermont* on her first successful voyage on the Hudson River.

Robert Livingston's brother welcomed Robert Fulton in New York, and assisted him in the building of the *Clermont*. The *Clermont's* boiler did not break through the bottom, and she did not sink. The *Clermont* went to Albany in thirty hours, and returned to New York.

In the autumn of 1804 my father had been twelve days going in a passenger sloop from New York to Troy, above Albany. The tradition in the family is that he read through Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" while he was on the passage.

Poor Mackintosh, the historian, afterward Sir James Mackintosh, was in exile in Bombay at that time, working his way along in the East India service, and horribly homesick. In his diary he writes, in recording Fulton's success, "O that we had lived a hundred years later!"

Dear Sir James, we do live ninety-three years later, and we do not need a hundred days to go from London to Bombay![1]

[1] Mr. Henry Adams quotes from a letter of Jackson, the English minister, who had a summer house on the North River, who wrote as late as May, 1810, that every day there was a general rush of his household to see the steamboat pass. "I doubt whether I should be obeyed were I to desire any one of them to take a passage in her." This was in the fourth year of the *Clermont's* success.

I have risked this excursion on the birth of the steamboat because, as this reader and I wander down through the mazes of the century, we shall constantly come on what used to be called "internal improvement" — the business in which Robert Fulton thus led the way.

The philosophical reader, which means the reader of sense, will see that the physical prosperity of the nation in the nineteenth century is due chiefly to four great steps, one might say four victories, none of which in the beginning was appreciated except by the men who won them, and the one clog and drawback on the country from 1801 to 1900 was the institution of slavery, not yet done with.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.
After a French portrait of 1829.

To get some good working idea of our progress, and at the same time to see how it was clogged and thwarted by slavery and by the combinations necessary to support it, is to get some available notion of what the century has

been and has done for the United States. What are called the details of history, such as why Madison instead of Monroe succeeded Jefferson, or why Franklin Pierce instead of some other cipher succeeded Mr. Fillmore, are wholly insignificant in comparison.

To sum up the hundred years, this is the retrospect. On the first of January, 1801, the United States was a belt on the Atlantic seaboard of thirteen weak and poor communities, occupying territory which hardly ever ran back more than one hundred and fifty miles from the ocean. They had united themselves together, but they did not yet know that they were a nation. Even the statesmen of that day would have written, "The United States *are* ready" or "*are* prepared," while an officer of ours to-day would say, "The United States *is* ready" or "*is* prepared." This nation in the gristle had added to itself the interior States of Vermont, Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee. But these were but weak frontier communities, and, as a whole, the people on the seaboard had no conception of their possibilities. The map of the nation included immense regions which were practically in the possession of savages. Indeed, in the year 1801 there were in the territory west

of the Alleghanies more Indians, wholly untamed, than people of European blood.

So little did Livingston know what he was doing that, in the letter in which he announced to President Jefferson Napoleon's amazing offer and his own conclusion of the great purchase, he says, "I have told them that we should not send an emigrant across the Mississippi in one hundred years"!

These men had the aid of the great merchants, some of whom are remembered and some forgotten. John Jacob Astor was one; but the word "Astor" did not then mean thousands of millions. And you might name by the side of the merchants Lewis, whose first name I am afraid the reader has forgotten, and Clark, who has probably not fared any better.

Of these men Fulton and Whitney have won their way among the twenty-nine heroes in our New York "Hall of Fame." Fulton had eighty-six votes out of ninety-seven of the votes on the "Heroes." Whitney had sixty-nine.

Napoleon startled Livingston when he proposed to sell to the United States the whole of Louisiana. The United States had not asked for it, had not wanted it. The United States

did want the city of Orleans, and the whole eastern bank from our State of Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. That is, we had proposed to buy from France all that part of our present State of Louisiana which lies on the northeast side of the Mississippi. Under the treaty with England of 1783 we held all the country from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, north of that parallel of 31 degrees which makes a jog in the map, and in a convenient, rough fashion makes a sort of letter L of our State of Louisiana. Now, to his amazement, Marbois offers to Livingston the region which is now western Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas, and everything west of these States as far as the Rocky Mountains. Indeed, we have not wanted advocates who claim that French Louisiana went farther than the Rocky Mountain range, even to the Pacific.

Jefferson would never have dared to accept this magnificent offer. For he was pledged to the strictest construction of the Constitution. Until he died he dared not say that he was authorized to make this great purchase. But Livingston had no such scruples. He bravely accepted the proposal, only struggling to beat

down the sum which he was to pay. To reassure Jefferson, Livingston told him that he had already secured such promises that we could "recoup" ourselves and get back all our fifteen million dollars by selling again everything west of the river. It hardly appears who it was with whom he made such a bargain.

This is the man — the man to whose courage we owe half our empire, the man who, with Fulton and the steamboat, gave the untold value to the deserts he bought — he is the man to whom we cannot give a niche or a bronze in our "Hall of Fame."

For this magnificent purchase the country had to pay. The English house of Barings at once offered to negotiate the loan, by which Livingston was able to pay the money. But Congress must authorize the loan, must assume the responsibility of the purchase, and must provide a government for the city of Orleans and for the posts on the western side of the river. So the whole question of the advantage or disadvantage of the purchase was thrown open to the people of America, almost precisely as the question regarding the purchase of the Philippines had been thrown open since the Spanish war.

In Congress and in the country the discussion went forward on lines which show almost painfully the limits of human wisdom, especially of human foresight. Not one word to intimate that before twenty years were over the river steamers of the West will be running up to the headwaters of the smallest "creek." Not one word to prophesy that a steady wave of population would carry the frontier seventeen miles farther with every new year.[1] Least of all did any one prophesy that, far beyond those fertile river valleys, what the hunters called "deserts" were to become productive fields, and were to answer for half the world its prayer for daily bread.

The reader of to-day hardly remembers, indeed, that there were times when the market cost of a bushel of corn was spent when it had been carried forty miles. As late as 1830 I heard the jest which ridiculed an emigrant from Massachusetts by saying that he left his home a year before to go West with a jug of molasses to use in trade, and that he returned at the end of a year of adventure, having made enough in bar-

[1] This was the curious calculation of De Tocqueville in 1829. His calculation proved good with singular accuracy for a generation more.

gaining to pay him for the jug. For years after the century came in caricatures were printed on the seaboard ridiculing emigration. And the dominant tone in the warnings of statesmen against the ratification of the great purchase was the inconsistent fear that it would rob the seaboard of its inhabitants. If the country were so worthless, what danger was there that the shrewd men and women of the East should wish to go there?

ELI WHITNEY

As always happens when a great inventor as left to the world the result of his own perseverance and ingenuity, there has arisen in the generation which followed Whitney's death a set of screeching crickets, or cynics, call them which you please, who really think that somebody else made this great invention. There are plenty of people who will tell you that Fulton and Livingston did not introduce steam navigation.[1] And within the last thirty years there have appeared at the South plenty of people who will tell you of men who had invented the cotton-gin, whose invention Eli Whitney stole.

[1] As many as twenty of them have written to me since these words were printed in the *Outlook*. I am much obliged to them. — E. E. H.

Very fortunately, a large body of Whitney's sad letters of that time have been preserved. They have lately been edited and published by Dr. Hammond; and nothing is now more clear than that each one of these so-called inventors is

ELI WHITNEY.
An engraving after the portrait by C. B. King.

a pretender, and is one of the people who tried to steal Whitney's invention after he had brought it before the public.

Stated briefly, the history is this: Eli Whitney graduated from Yale College in 1792, and, intending to be a teacher, he went to Georgia, where he was introduced to Mrs. Greene, the

widow of General Nathanael Greene, of Rhode Island. Greene had saved Georgia from its English enemies, and the State of Georgia had presented to him a plantation, on which his widow was living. In the first winter of Whitney's stay there he was a tutor in her family. Some gentlemen at her table were speaking of the disadvantage to their State because the cost of preparing the cotton was so great. Everybody was wishing for a machine to clean the cotton from the seeds. Now, Whitney had mended Mrs. Greene's tambour frame. She said, "Here is Mr. Whitney, who will invent for you what you want." Whitney had at that time never seen a boll of cotton. He went to work at once, and the cotton-gin was the result.

It is curious to observe, in our present line of study, that he himself went with the specifications which were requisite for the patent, and visited Thomas Jefferson in Philadelphia. It is really the subject for a historical picture. Jefferson was Secretary of State under Washington. The department of invention was so small and the business of patents was so new that the granting of the patent depended upon the Department of State. So Whitney called upon Jefferson in person and left his papers with him.

It is an important incident, and it adds to what is even the pathos of the fact, that Jefferson scarcely alludes to the invention in his after life, and does not seem to have known that Whitney played a much more important part in the development of the fortunes of this country than he did himself. Yet Jefferson thought he was an inventor, and plumed himself on being a man of science, and was dabbling with scientific inquiries from the beginning to the end of his life.

THEN AND NOW

It seems impossible to describe the change in every habit of life between those days and these days. Impossible even to imagine men's outward life then, more impossible to picture it. Here is the diary of my father's father, written three or four lines at a time, every night, at the desk where I wrote a few words not long ago, in the sacred study to which he called his boy from digging potatoes. He is a well-educated Christian gentleman, forty-nine years old; one day he is reading Hebrew, one day he reads Greek, one day he reads "comedy," one day it is "attend to missionary pamphlets and read them," one day "rule most of a record," some "texts in

textuary" or "texts in Bible order," one day "examine Greek criticisms." And these entries are all mixed in with "Plant little Indian corn south of burying ground," "Begin to move little fence and plough a little," "Dung and ash in the holes for potatoes and ploughed about one acre of my orchard," "Killed two pigs, plant land, read news, etc.," "Cloudy Lord's Day, preached No. 2342, 2343, begin to ask children their catechism, evening extempore Colossians i. 19." Into the midst of such entries will come, "Sent horses for Nathan," and then "Nathan comes from Williams College," and the next day, "Afternoon with Nathan, bring cow from Mr. R. Lyman's, bought 21½."

All journeys were on horseback. When Nathan's father and mother go to visit her father and mother, seventy miles, they go on horseback. When the Westhampton congregation vote their minister ten weeks' vacation that he may go on a missionary journey into the frontier towns of Maine, he goes on horseback, riding sometimes twenty miles a day, sometimes more than forty. Two or three times in this journey he "puts up" his horse at an inn, and, in that case, he pays ninepence of New England currency, the Spanish real of that day, twelve

and one-half cents of ours. I found the price the same in New Hampshire in 1841. But for himself, the missionary always, I believe, sleeps at some private house — a minister's house, if there be a minister. And this, observe, in charming disrespect of sectarian lines. Hard-shelled Calvinist as he is, if there is a Freewill Baptist meeting-house in the town, he preaches there when the "L.'s Day" comes round.

The leisure of such a life is varied by making a spelling-book which he printed, arranged on an improved principle, and by the most sedulous daily intimacy in the homes of seven hundred people, scattered over a mountain township of thirty square miles.

When I visit the old homestead, which is a very dear place to me, they show me the grove of locust trees which he planted, the ever flowing stream of water from the hillside which he brought down into the generous open-air room where half the work of that house was done when I was a boy. And if I am fortunate enough to go to meeting there when the Lord's Day comes round, why, all my contemporaries tell me how this dear old saint taught them their catechisms, and all the younger people of after generations thank me for the blessing of this

life as they have heard it from fathers or grandfathers.

One tries to make a picture of such life without much success. But one can see that in its simplicity there were elements of strength for those who grew up in such surroundings. "Lead us not into temptation."

The Hampshire group of college boys made a rendezvous somewhere between Westhampton, Southampton, and Northampton, each on a horse which he had groomed himself, nay, probably, which he had watched, fed, and groomed since the colt was born. One or two younger brothers, also on horseback, accompanied the student party to bring the horses home. As the bird flies, the distance is about forty-two miles. By the turnpike, on which most of the journey was made, I suppose it was four or five miles longer.

Sam Weller says of the gatekeepers on turnpikes, "If they was gentlemen, you would call them misanthropes; as they is not gentlemen, they takes to pike-keeping." And in the solitudes of Berkshire County, as everywhere, the pike-keeper found that he had to meet that disfavor which hangs over all collectors of revenue. As the merry troop of boy students approached the several pikes, all would dismount and walk, driv-

ing all their horses before them. For there was no toll needed for footmen. Then they would explain to the pike-keeper that this was a drove of cattle which were to be paid for at so much a head, the whole amount being much less, of course, than so many cavaliers in the saddle would pay. This little story always delighted us as children when my father told it. Perhaps all children and savages rejoice in any evasion of the law! And when we asked how this strike ended, he would say that if the pike-keeper were good-natured "he would give us a drink of cider all round, and we would consent to mount our horses and pay the toll."

In 1901 is the journey of Clarence Fitz-Mortimer, as he takes the Pullman from Chicago to Williamstown, lighted up by any such picturesque adventure?

Perhaps the contrast between that life and our life most striking is the difference between the mails of the two periods and what they carried.

Charles Elliott, the historian, when he was asked if he believed that Abraham lived to be a hundred and sixty, said: "Why not? He had no bad whiskey to drink, no primaries to attend, and no newspapers to read." And Saint Marc Girardin, describing that earthly paradise of North Africa in the second century, says of the

Roman gentlemen who lived there then: "Above all, they were without the mail, which is the burden of our modern civilization." The Williamstown boy and his father were not much harassed by the mail or by newspapers. To my grandfather a newspaper was so rare a visitor that he enters in the diary so severely condensed, "Read news," when the *Hampshire Gazette*, came round. Once in a term, perhaps, you find, "Wrote to Nathan," and as often, perhaps, "Letter from Nathan." "So happily, the days of Thalaba went by." Indeed, I observe that authors who want to describe serenity of mind generally agree in cutting off communication from the outward world. But when a newspaper did break through — yes! it had news worth telling. Still I do not suppose that in 1801 the *Hampshire Gazette* or any *Albany Weekly* told of the murder of my poor friend Philip Nolan by the Spanish Governor of Texas. I do not suppose, indeed, that it was mentioned in any newspaper in the United States. I do not suppose that in 1802 either of those newspapers spoke of the cotton crop, or of Eli Whitney's cotton-gin, or of the manufacture of cotton. Very likely the word "cotton" was not in either newspaper from January to December.

1801–1807

CHAPTER II

1801–1807

FAILURES AND FOLLIES

WHOEVER studies the marvellous physical advance of the country in the first half of the century will find that those four lines of physical success which we have been tracing suggest directions in which the United States made the most important physical progress.

Meanwhile crickets were chirping and politicians were intriguing and voting, and, among the rest, Jefferson and Madison were Presidents in the first sixteen years of the century. And Congresses met and talked and went to their own place. A war with England got itself proclaimed and dragged to an end. And so a good deal of what is called "history" got itself written; of which a good deal, especially when looked at under the microscope, is really entertaining, though perhaps not very edifying. Meanwhile the country did as it always does.

It governed itself, and with a steady step marched forward and upward, as it has proved.

Such memorials as I am bringing together must give some notice of failures as well as of victories. One must admit that the crickets chirped and the katydids discussed the biography of Catherine, although it never turned out that Catherine did anything, and that the crickets said anything that amounted to much.

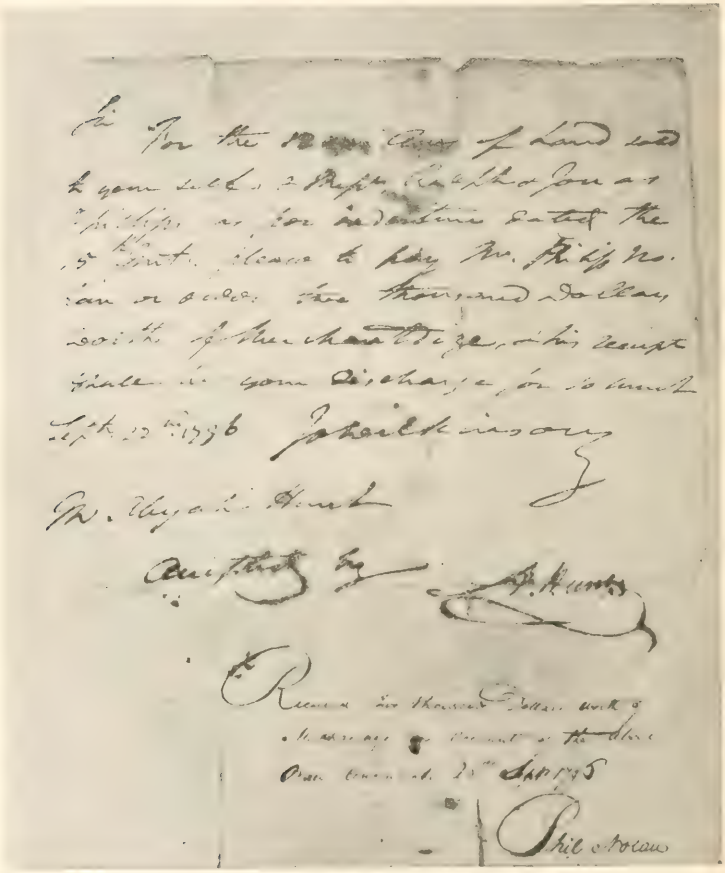
But we will devote two or three pages here partly to smoke and dust, partly to chirping and chattering, partly to Burr's plots and partly to Jefferson's plans. Such pages are always necessary in history. Thus, Mr. David Hume devotes more space to the story of the Countess of Salisbury's garter than he does to the Black Death, which in the same year and the next swept away a quarter part of the people of England. And Dr. Lingard even manages, it is hard to tell how, to give a volume to the history of King James the Fool, without so much as referring to the Received Version of the English Bible, or to the settlement of Virginia and Plymouth. James Town and James River have no place in his history of King James.

JAMES WILKINSON

Jefferson was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1801. Eighteen days after, when as yet nobody west of the Mississippi knew whether he were President or were not President, Philip Nolan, an adventurer from Kentucky, was killed in the neighborhood of what is now the town of Waco in Texas. He was murdered, I think; for, while he was in Texas under the orders of the Spanish Governor of "Orleans," he was killed by the soldiers of Spain, acting under the orders of the Spanish Governor of Texas. He was an American citizen who had been the partner in trade with James Wilkinson, the Major-General who commanded the army of the United States in the Mississippi Valley. We now know that at that time Wilkinson was secretly in the pay of the King of Spain. But there is no reason for saying that Nolan ever knew of this bribery and treason.

I became interested in this Captain Nolan, as he was generally called by the writers of his time, by mere accident, or, if you please, by inexcusable carelessness of mine. In the Civil War I was writing a story which I called "The Man Without a Country," in the hope of quick-

ening the National sentiment of the time. In studying for this story I read what I suppose



PHILIP NOLAN'S SIGNATURE.

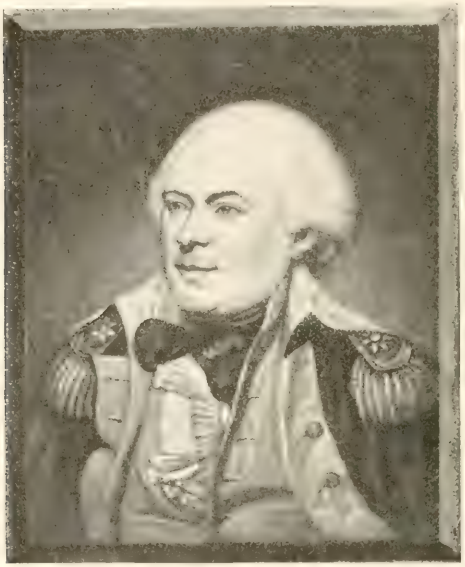
Affixed to a receipt of merchandise, Sept. 28, 1795. From the original in the possession of the author.

no man living except myself has read, this General Wilkinson's "Memoirs." When I had to choose the name for my hero, recollecting Wilkinson's partner, Nolan, I called my man "Nolan."

It was always suspected, as long as General Wilkinson lived, that he was a traitor, in the pay of the Spanish King. This was treason double refined, when Wilkinson was in command of the American army in the Valley of the Mississippi, "the Legion of the West," as it was then called officially. It was precisely as if, on the 18th of September, 1902, General Chaffee, in command at Manila, should be receiving, by a secret arrangement, his annual remittance of three thousand dollars from the Emperor of Japan, or from the King of Spain.

I say this was suspected while Wilkinson lived. Mysterious kegs of silver came up from "Orleans" while "Orleans" was still a Spanish town, and were addressed to General Wilkinson. Once, and I believe twice, he was court-martialled, or there was a "court of inquiry." It seems to me a little queer that Nolan's receipt, which I copy from the original, should speak so briefly of two thousand dollars' worth of "merchandise." But I do not know that

the merchandise was Spanish dollars. Wilkinson was an old fox, if foxes ever cover their



General James Wilkinson. Philip Nolan's Partner.

From an etching by Max Rosenthal after the portrait by C. W. Peale.

tracks, and he had covered his so well that the charges were never proved.

He had the prestige which his service in the Revolution commanded. He was one of Gates's aides at Saratoga, and when I saw Wilkinson's papers in 1876, there were among them two autograph notes from Burgoyne to Gates, one

proposing a conference with a view to surrender, and another arranging the terms for the final ceremony. Somehow or other, he did cover his tracks in his treasons, and was acquitted by the courts. The three volumes of his "Memoirs" are seasoned all along by references to these trials, and by lame explanations or excuses. And Wilkinson died without public disgrace. I believe that he was as false to Aaron Burr as he was to the country.

But time rolled on, and time sometimes brings its revenges. In the prosperous days before the Civil War, the State of Louisiana was collecting the materials for its romantic early history. Mr. Charles Gayarré, one of our distinguished historians, was sent to Spain to follow out the traces of that short period of the eighteenth century when the French had transferred their great province of Louisiana to Spanish control. The Spanish Government opened its archives freely to Mr. Gayarré, and there he found, from year to year, the full details of this infamous treason, beginning as early as 1788. The King of Spain regularly paid Wilkinson two or three thousand dollars a year while Wilkinson commanded our "Legion of the West." This the papers in the Spanish archives make certain.

Mr. Gayarré told me in 1876 how it happened that such unbounded confidence was placed in him by his Spanish friends. He went out to Madrid with proper introductions from our Secretary of State and from the Governor of Louisiana. Our minister, Romulus Saunders presented these papers, and then Mr. Gayarré waited. But *mañana* seemed to be the word. He did not get forward at all. At last he wrote back to our historian, Prescott, and said that he made no progress. Prescott wrote at once to Madrid, to his friend Gayangos, the accomplished scholar, to whom all of us who care about American history are so largely indebted. Prescott wrote and asked Gayangos, in Spain, why they did not help his friend, Mr. Gayarré. To which Gayangos replied: "How should we know he was your friend? We do not fancy your Mr. Saunders, and we have had no other introduction. But if he is your friend, he shall see everything." And Gayarré did see everything: and that is the way that we know of Wilkinson's treason. I suppose there is a certain etiquette among governments which imposes a certain time limit on the revelation of such state secrets. I know that in 1859 I was not permitted in London

to see papers of which our lamented friend Benjamin Stevens has since printed facsimile copies.

So we are now happily sure of Wilkinson's treason. I say "happily" because it always pleases me to refer to it when grumblers tell me that to-day and yesterday compare unfavorably for political morality with the times of the men of the Revolution.

And I am apt to say that it does not speak well for Jefferson's statesmanship, or his knowledge of men, that for eight years he maintained such a rascal as Wilkinson in a post so important. He knew that Wilkinson had betrayed Burr. He must have suspected that Wilkinson had been the tool of Spain. He could easily have found it out had he wanted to, and yet he kept him in this important military command.

The history of this box of Wilkinson's papers, almost invaluable, is in itself dramatic. My distinguished friend, John Mason Brown, of Kentucky, had told me of the existence of the papers. I worked over them at Louisville for an afternoon in April, 1876. I took a few notes from them, but I was confident that the War Department would buy them from the owner, so that I took only a few notes. As

soon as I returned to Boston, I addressed a letter to the Department on the subject, but the time was unfortunate, and the Department did nothing. Meanwhile, the owner of the trunk had conceived very exaggerated notions of the value of the documents. Indeed, even to Philistines the autographs of Burgoyne, of Gates, of Burr, of Hamilton, of Philip Nolan, and of the New Orleans Clark would have brought large prices at auction. But no buyer appeared, and only two years ago the owner of these materials of history carried the box out to a vacant lot in Louisville, built a fire around it, and burned all the papers. In this melodramatic sacrifice of his, the precious autographs went to the skies in the form of highly diluted carbon.

GENERAL EATON AND DERNE

The humor, if one may call it so, of Jefferson's administration comes in where he is constantly obliged to take exactly the part which he and his had always condemned before he came to the throne. This comes almost to burlesque when we find an American army really crossing northern Africa for the capture of the city of Derne — which American army supposed itself to be moving by Jefferson's

orders. The whole transaction has in it an element of absurdity which makes the politicians drop it from memory as something which it is better to say nothing about.

But it left one funny remembrancer of itself which still exists in Egypt. In the year 1803 our navy was engaged in that war with Tripoli in which the infant navy was baptized. It proved that there was a certain Hamet Caramelli who thought he was the lawful heir to the crown of Tripoli. Our young readers will think that members of this family burnt sugar-cane for their young friends. Look in the dictionary and you will find cana-mella or cana-mellis. He made interest with our diplomatic agents in the Mediterranean, and proposed to them a military expedition by which he should oust the reigning

GENERAL EATON.
Engraving by Hamlin.

Pasha of Tripoli, with whose vessels our vessels were fighting. This proposal of his came to Jefferson and his Cabinet at a time when they thought themselves sufficiently annoyed by the complications of this naval war.

One of those wild geese who are born to

Gen. William Eaton and Hamet Caramelli.
On the Desert of Barca, approaching Derne.

bring trouble to governments, "a Connecticut Yankee," Mr. Adams calls him, a man named William Eaton, had taken this matter in charge. He was our consul at Tunis, about four hundred miles from Tripoli. He fell in with Hamet Caramelli, and came to America to tell the President that it would be a good plan for

us to restore him to his place as rightful Pasha, and that then grateful Hamet and his party would make any treaty he liked with us. I had the opportunity thirty years ago to read all Eaton's papers. He was a daring fellow, angry with people who did not take his views of things.

It is clear enough that at Washington he had received that sort of attention which timid governments are apt to bestow on spirited soldiers and sailors. Virtually he was told that if he succeeded in any plans of his in the Mediterranean, the Government would take all the credit, and if he failed he would have to pay all the penalty. Many an officer before Eaton has found himself in the same condition, and some officers since. But that Jefferson did not throw him over, or mean to throw him over, is clear enough, because he appointed Eaton our naval agent in the Mediterranean and sent him back. He appeared at Cairo the 8th of December, 1804, and hunted up Hamet. He brought him to Alexandria, where Hamet and he collected an army of five hundred men, of whom one hundred, who were called Christians, were recruited in Alexandria. "At about the time when President Jefferson was delivering his

second inaugural address, the naval agent led his little army into the desert with the courage of Alexander the Great, to conquer an African kingdom." These are Mr. Adams's words.

Briefly told, Eaton and Hamet marched their army five hundred miles across the desert up to the city of Derne. They frightened the reigning Pasha very badly, and our fleet under Commodore Barron was also frightening him. He made a treaty, gave up the prisoners whom he had, and we had the satisfaction of teaching Europe how these barbarians were to be handled. But poor Hamet Caramelli was left out in the cold, and poor Eaton was left with a claim upon the Government which he found it hard to collect. I am sorry to say that he died a drunkard in 1811.

All Eaton's papers are, I suppose, at this moment in the large trunk from which I took them when I read them in the year 1864. It is a pity that the War Department should not have them, but I have always found it rather hard to make the War Department pick up papers which bear on our old history. At the time I knew of them they were the property of the great autograph collector, Dr. Sprague, of Albany.

A memorial of Eaton which still survives is the relic in "the American colony at Cairo" of

his little army. All these hundred "Christians," so called, who marched with the four hundred Arabs to conquer Derne, obtained in that march the rights of American citizens for themselves, for their children, and their children's children — rights which, in a country which has been governed as Egypt has been until within a few years, have been of the first importance and value. When my brother Charles became resident agent of the United States in Egypt in 1864, he found that he had quite a number of these queer "Americans" on his hands, none of whom had ever seen America and none of whom could speak a word of English.[1] If they got into trouble they came to our consuls to protect them, and they could not be tried in any but a consular court. My brother asked me to look up Eaton's history for him. I found that all the

[1] Charles wrote me while he resided in Egypt that he had the day before sat as judge in a trial of an "American," who had been stealing in the Egyptian post-office. "The man spoke Arabic; the witnesses testified in Arabic, Turkish, and Coptic; the lawyers on both sides conducted their pleas in Italian, and I decided the case in French." The only language of which not one word was spoken by any accident was the language of the country to which the judge and the case belonged.

My brother redeemed all this system of trials from this absurdity. He drew up the plan by which a special court authorized by the Egyptian Government now tries all such prisoners.

papers which Eaton considered important had been preserved, and from them I was able to read the very curious history of the episode which it was convenient for Jefferson to have forgotten, and which has won for itself so little place in the history of the century. People who negotiated the treaty with the Pasha of Tripoli say definitely that the attack on the eastern side of the province was an efficient agency in bringing the autocratic Pasha to terms.

I wonder how many of the thousands of people who pass through Derne Street in Boston every day, now that it makes one side of the beautiful State House Park, know that it celebrates the only conquest of their country on either of the three old continents!

Partly from ignorance and partly from the old-fashioned etiquettes, the arrangements which John Adams or his cabinet made for a war with France are singularly slurred over by most of the historians. It is rather droll to think or speak of President Adams as the first of "filibusters." But that is just what he was. Unwillingly enough, he had made Hamilton the commander of the army under Washington. Of the intrigues attending this appointment there is enough and more than enough in the older

histories. What they do not tell us is, that the infant town of Cincinnati was made the gathering point for the new regiments and that Hamilton expected, wished, or meant to lead the army which was recruiting there down the river to the capture of "Orleans" and to coöperate with General Miranda in his proposed overthrow of the Spanish rule on the southern side of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. The flatboats which were to take this expedition down the river were built in Cincinnati. Hamilton and Wilkinson were in full correspondence as to its details when the peace was made with France. Observe, that Orleans was then a Spanish town and that it was to be captured by an American force because America was at war with France. I saw Hamilton's letters in Wilkinson's chest in April, 1876. But there is not a word about this plan in Schouler's history, hardly an allusion to it in Hildreth, and you have to come down to Lodge's "Life of Hamilton" in 1882 before you find its importance alluded to.

PHILIP NOLAN

I return to the history of Philip Nolan, because, as it proved, it worked its way in to that hatred of Spain in the West, and particularly in

the southwest, of which we have seen the outcome in our own time. As the reader knows, the first explorer of Texas was Philip Nolan. And it was there that he was killed on the 22d day of March, 1801. The Spanish Governor of Chihuahua who took out his overwhelming force against a little army of twenty men hunting horses, was one of the Spanish officers who had been frightened to death. Nolan himself had written as early as 1797, "I look forward to the conquest of Mexico by the United States, and I expect that my friend and patron the General will in such event give me a conspicuous command." This was at the time when our troubles with France were brewing. John Adams was in the first year of his Presidency; Washington was to be really commander-in-chief of the army, but Hamilton was to take command of what was eventually called "The New Army" at Cincinnati. These details were probably not determined on when Nolan wrote those words, but the plan was in the air, in 1798. A considerable part of the new army gathered at Cincinnati which they called Fort Washington. Had Miranda's plans worked better, Hamilton and Wilkinson would probably have captured "Orleans" with this western army, when in 1799, the high

water of the Mississippi brought them down. The letters between Hamilton and Wilkinson which I read in 1876 went into all the details of this plan. It was abandoned because England was so slow in giving any support to Miranda.

The real history of the real Philip Nolan is this. He seems to have grown up as a boy in Frankfort or Lexington, Kentucky. Lexington was one of the oldest towns in Kentucky and Frankfort is the capital of the state. One of my friends there has sent me a photograph of the old Court House which I suppose was in existence in Nolan's time. The well-known story is that the first settlers of Lexington named their town because they had just heard of the Battle of Lexington in 1775. If, as I suppose, Captain Nolan was about thirty-five when he was killed, he must have been born before the settlement; but his father was among the early settlers of the state and I think he must have spent his boyhood there.

At an early age, however, he turns up in "Orleans" and is evidently a person of some importance in the affairs of the little city. Since 1763 Louisiana had been a Spanish possession, having been transferred from France to Spain in the treaties at the end of the Seven Years' War.

But the reader must observe that it was not transferred to the Spanish "Department of the Colonies." On this misfortune hung poor Nolan's life, as it proved.

For the Spanish Governor at "Orleans" was named by the Department of "Foreign Affairs" at Madrid. I think he did not even report to the viceroy in Mexico, and it would seem as if there were a jealousy between the Colonial Bureau and the "Foreign Affairs" at Madrid. Now Mexico and Texas belonged to the "*Colonial* Affairs," sometimes called the "Department of the Indies," and Louisiana with "Orleans" to the "*Foreign* Affairs."

Here was Philip Nolan then, a young American, resident in "Orleans" at the time of the Spanish Governors Casa Calvo and De Nava. Orleans was the port of the whole Mississippi Valley, and there were many Americans there. Daniel Clark was there, Mrs. General Gaines's father, Oliver Pollock, was there, — the same Gaines who sent to Pittsburg powder for Washington as early as 1775. And now and then General James Wilkinson was there. All of these men knew Philip Nolan, and there is some trace of him in their correspondence. He wrote a good hand, as the reader may see. He spelled

well, and a generation earlier this qualification seemed to Harriet Byron to show that a man was a gentleman. He was in good society, and in the year 1800 he married into the family of Mr. Miner, one of the best American families on the river. He is always spoken of with great respect, almost with regard. I am sorry to say that his personal appearance does not appear to corroborate the impression thus given. Mr. Miner once showed me a miniature of him, elegantly set in gold, which represents rather a disagreeable bluff face, apparently Irish, of a man about thirty. He is dressed in the picture in a blue coat, which may have been a soldier's coat. He is generally called Captain Nolan. But I cannot find that he had been in any army. His correspondence with Wilkinson, so far as we have it, indicates a good deal of mercantile experience.

Strange to say, it was not considered unbecoming that a Major-General, commanding an army, should be engaged constantly in commercial enterprises which took him and his agents into a foreign city. Through all those years at the end of the century, Wilkinson was engaged in such enterprises in "Orleans" and this Captain Nolan was his confidential commercial correspondent. If he had not been, I should never have

cared anything about him, and this reader would not now be reading these lines. But Nolan was so engaged. And in General Wilkinson's "Memoirs," which, as I have said, is a sad galimatias of fact and fiction always flavored by fraud and folly, he refers again and again to "his friend, Captain Nolan." In particular, whenever there is an important document which cannot be found, Wilkinson says it was lost at the time of the death of Captain Nolan. Now, as I have said, when I was writing my story of "A Man without a Country," in 1863, I wanted a name for my imagined hero. It must be a Kentucky name, a name remembered in the lower Mississippi Valley; the man must know of Canadian intrigues at the North, and Spanish intrigues at the South. I recollected Wilkinson's friend, — he is the sort of Mrs. Jawkins for Wilkinson, — "Captain Nolan who was killed in Texas." Here was a good name for me, and I called my "Man without a Country" Nolan. In the book he speaks once and again of "his cousin" Stephen Nolan who was killed in Texas, and of "his brother" who was killed in Texas. The mixture of cousin and brother was intentional, by way of giving plausibility to the story, for the words are used by two persons and a mistake in such a trifle is

not unnatural. All the time I had the impression that Wilkinson's friend was Captain Stephen Nolan, and I called him so. The matter seemed of no consequence whatever, and I did not think to look up the name. If he was named Stephen his brother might have been named Philip. I had once been in an Episcopal church on Saint Stephen's Day, when, by accident, the "Rector" told the story of Saint Philip and fitted it on Saint Stephen. This made me think that I might fairly name my man Philip Nolan and say he had a brother or a cousin named Stephen.

Alas! and alas! more than six months after my story was printed, indeed when hundreds of thousands of copies of it had introduced my Philip Nolan to the world, as I was looking in Wilkinson's "Memoirs" for something else, I found to my horror and dismay that the real man was named Philip and not Stephen!

This accounted at once for many things. I had had a message from a lady who said she was a sister of Philip Nolan and wished she knew more about him. Our army was in possession of New Orleans at that time. It was a little after the fall of Vicksburg. The Miner family and gentlemen interested in the

early history of Louisiana had been writing to me about Captain Nolan who had been killed at Waco in 1801, as if he were Philip Nolan who appears in my story for the first time in the summer of 1805.

I am sorry to say that Captain Philip Nolan, who, on the whole, I like and believe in, was the correspondent, in some sense the confidential correspondent, of his "patron" General Wilkinson. But there is no evidence that he knew of Wilkinson's relations with the Spanish King. The reader should recollect that for a part of this time, New Orleans and Louisiana were Spanish territory, and that a Spanish Governor held the city of Orleans and that neighborhood for the Spanish King. Now in truth the real Philip Nolan had found out, I do not know how, that there were herds of wild horses in Texas. He could see with his eyes that the Spanish soldiers in Louisiana needed horses. He went to the Spanish Governor and told him that if the Government would take from him as many horses as were wanted and would give him a permit for the purpose, he would organize a mounted party and bring horses from Texas to Orleans. The governor was well pleased, made the contract,

gave the permit, and Nolan with a party went up into the Red River and beyond, corralled the horses, brought them into Orleans, and was paid for them. It was a good speculation for all parties.

It was so successful that another year Nolan did it again; for the Governor made a second contract, gave a permit a second time, and Nolan brought in another drove of horses. I think that Wilkinson was concerned in the pecuniary part of one of these adventures. I know that Nolan says in one of his letters that General Wilkinson had promised him a commission if the United States ever made war with the Spaniards. It was at this time that Jefferson, who was then Vice-President of the United States, heard of him, and wrote him a letter about these wild horses. A press copy of this letter is now at Washington. We know that Nolan replied to this letter, — but his reply cannot now be found in the correspondence of the American Philosophical Society, for whom Jefferson wrote. There is, however, another paper by him on the sign language of the Indians. I used that language, therefore, in my novel of "Philip Nolan's Friends."

At that time, or about that time, Nolan estab-

lished his residence in or near the infant town of Natchez. Here he married Miss Fanny Lintot. By this marriage he was connected with Mr. Miner, and to Mr. Miner and the ladies of his family I am indebted for much of my information in regard to him. Dr. Dinet of Temple in Texas tells me that it was while he lived in Natchez, in 1799, that he published a description of Texas, the first written in English, and printed it at Natchez. Alas! no copy of this interesting tract is known to exist. But the map which Nolan drew for it has been copied in Bulletin No. 45 of the U. S. Geological Survey.

Poor Nolan tried the adventure in Texas once too often. At the end of 1800 the Spanish Governor, De Nava, — the same who had given him his passports before, was acting as Governor *ad interim*. He wanted horses again. Nolan again agreed to go and bring him some. And again he received authority from the Government to go. But let the reader remember that this is a governor appointed by the Spanish Foreign Office and not by the Colonial Office, and while the Foreign Office has the oversight of Louisiana, the Colonial Office is responsible for Texas.

Nolan enlisted his men, about twenty of them. We have the names of all of them. They went

up as far as Walnut Hills, where they were in American territory; and here Nolan was summoned by the United States officer in command, who did not propose that an American body of men should go filibustering into Spanish territory. As soon as they crossed the Mississippi, they would be on Spanish soil. Nolan answered with perfect frankness. He showed his permit from the Spanish Governor. It was put on record in the United States court. The United States authorities saw that things were all right, and he and his friends crossed the river and entered upon Spanish ground.

I suppose that it was at this time that he saw his wife for the last time. In 1876 I saw an old white-haired negro on Mr. Miner's plantation who as a child had seen the cortège depart. The old man told me he remembered bidding Captain Phil good-by.

My friend, Mr. William Howell Reed, had told me in 1864, that near City Point in Virginia he had seen the grave of Philip Nolan, a black soldier of a Louisiana regiment, which had been brought from Louisiana as our army advanced upon Richmond. I suppose that he had been born on the Miner plantation, and that his name may have been borrowed from our Captain

Nolan, or from his son who was born after his death.

My story of "The Man without a Country," of which my Philip Nolan was the hero, was published in December, 1863. When Grant's army entered Jackson, in Mississippi, in the same year, an officer of an Ohio regiment went into the State House. Among some loose papers there, he found the original record of the real Captain Nolan's examination by the United States authorities to which I have referred. The reader must observe that at that time this gentleman knew nothing of my Captain Nolan, because my story was not printed till many months after. When my story was printed, a gentleman in our army sent that number of the *Atlantic Monthly* to the ladies of Mr. Miner's family who were living at Concordia, just opposite Natchez. As Miss Miner advanced in the story she cried out in deep excitement that she had found "A story about Uncle Philip Nolan." For Fanny Lintot, Captain Nolan's wife, was this lady's grandaunt, and the wedding had taken place in the Concordia of that day. The Concordia of the next century, which entertained in its time Lafayette and Aaron Burr and everybody else of distinction who passed that way, has

been unfortunately burned down since the publication of these papers began.

To return to the real Captain Nolan. He and his merry men bade good-by to Fanny Lintot and the rest, and rode gayly up the valley of the Red River, stopping, I believe, at Nachitoches, where I think he was examined again by the Spanish Governor. He had lived in Nachitoches at one time and another. I have the original record in Spanish of a judicial inquiry made by Spanish officers in which his washerwoman and her husband and everybody else, you might say, is cross questioned about Captain Nolan. Poor Nolan was dead before the inquiry was over; but this they did not know. My friend, Judge Emery, was good enough to translate this narrative for me, and the Mississippi Historical Society has printed his translation. If Nolan did show his passports at Nachitoches, they were still all right; for all of them were still under the dominion of the Spanish Foreign Office. But Texas begins some fifty miles west of Nachitoches. As soon as Nolan crossed the Sabine into Texas, he was under the dominion of the viceroy of Mexico, and the Governor appointed by him, and here danger began.

Of this whole journey, we have the story in

a good deal of detail by Ellis Bean, one of his men. This story is reprinted in "Yoakum's History of Texas." Here is the narrative by Bean: —

"In four days more it was our misfortune to be attacked by a hundred and fifty Spaniards sent by the commandant at Chihuahua. He was general commandant of the five northeastern internal provinces, and called Don Nimesio de Salcedo. The troops that came were piloted by Indians from Nacogdoches that came with them. They surrounded our camp about one o'clock in the morning, on the 22nd of March, 1801. They took the five Spaniards and one American that were guarding our horses, leaving but twelve of us, including Cæsar. We were all alarmed by the tramping of their horses; and, as day broke, without speaking a word, they commenced their fire. After about ten minutes our gallant leader Nolan was slain by a musket-ball which hit him in the head. In a few minutes after they began to fire grape-shot at us: they had brought a small swivel on a mule. We had a pen that we had built of logs, to prevent the Indians from stealing from us. From this pen we returned their fire until about nine o'clock. We then had two men

wounded and one killed. I told my companions we ought to charge on the cannon and take it. Two or three of them agreed to it, but the rest appeared unwilling. I told them it was at most but death; and if we stood still, all would doubtless be killed; that we must take the cannon or retreat. It was agreed that we should retreat. Our number was eleven, of which two were wounded. The powder that we could not put in our horns was given to Cæsar to carry, while the rest were to make use of their arms. So we set out through a prairie, and shortly crossed a small creek. While we were defending ourselves, Cæsar stopped at the creek and surrendered himself with the ammunition to the enemy. Of the two wounded men, one stopped and gave himself up, the other came on with us. There were then nine of us that stood the fire of the enemy, on both sides of us, for a march of half a mile. We were so fortunate, that not a man of us got hurt, though the balls played around us like hail."

The next day, however, they surrendered to their pursuers and were marched to Nacogdoches; but after a month, when they were expecting to be sent home, they were sent to San Antonio, then to San Luis Potosi, where they

stayed one year and four months, then to Chihuahua, where they lived for many years. A regular trial was given them, of which the proceedings are extant. Don Pedro Ramos de Verea conducted the defence (will not some Texan name a county for him?) and the men were acquitted. The judge, De Vavaro, ordered their release, January 23, 1804; but Salcedo, who was then in command of these provinces, countermanded the decree of acquittal, and sent the papers to the King in Spain.

The King, by a decree of February 23, 1807, ordered that one out of five of Nolan's men should be hung, and the others kept at hard labor for ten years. Let it be observed that this is the royal decree for ten men who had been acquitted by the court which tried them.

When the decree arrived at Chihuahua, one of the ten prisoners, Pierce, was dead. The new judge pronounced that only one of the remaining nine should suffer death, and Salcedo approved this decision.

On the 9th of November, therefore, 1807, the adjutant-inspector, with De Verea, the prisoner's counsel, proceeded to the barracks, where they were confined, and read the King's decision. A drum, a glass tumbler, and two dice were

brought, the prisoners knelt before the drum, and were blindfolded.

Ephraim Blackburn, the oldest prisoner, took the fatal glass and dice, and threw 3 and 1 . . . . . = 4
Lucian Garcia threw 3 and 4 . . . . . = 7
Joseph Reed threw 6 and 5 . . . . . = 11
David Fero threw 5 and 3 . . . . . = 8
Solomon Cooley threw 6 and 5 . . . . . = 11
Jonah (Tony) Walters threw 6 and 1 . . . . . = 7
Charles Ring threw 4 and 3 . . . . . = 7
Ellis Bean threw 4 and 1 . . . . . = 5
William Dawlin threw 4 and 2 . . . . . = 6

And then and there poor Ephraim Blackburn was led out and hanged in the sight of the others. Blackburn is, I am told, a Virginian name, — and I made some effort once to find the family to which this poor martyr belonged, but without success.

Only a few months before this Zebulon Pike, an officer of our army who had accidentally crossed the Spanish frontier in his explorations of our Western territory, fell in with Fero, one of these men, with old Cæsar, another of them, and had some communication with a third. Pike was so much interested in them that he wrote a letter to General Salcedo, the commander of the department of which Chihuahua was the capital. He begged that something might be

done toward "restoring those poor fellows to their liberty, their friends and country"; and he intercedes particularly for Fero who had served under Pike's father. In this letter to Salcedo, Pike says that they entered the territory of the Spanish in a clandestine manner, in violation of the treaties between the two governments. But he says "the men of the party were innocent, believing that Nolan had passports from the Spanish Government." We know from the testimony of the United States Court at Natchez that this statement of Nolan's to them was true. But unfortunately, Salcedo, in the whole of the business, before Nolan's death and after it, had proved himself to be very much the brute. From Pike's report, and, indeed, from every other report which came from the valley of the Rio Grande or Northern Mexico, news of the Spanish cruelty to these poor fellows was brought to the Southwest. Anybody who cared anything about it, as the Miners for instance, into whose family Nolan had married, believed, as I believe, that the Spanish authorities at Orleans had given Nolan a passport to go into Texas. But the curse of red tape, which seems a small curse, was upon Spain, as it always has been since the days of Spartacus. As has been intimated, Texas

was under the control of the Department of the Indies, which had no more to do with the Department of State than it had to do with the department of canals in the planet Mars. Whatever one department ordered, the other department blocked if it could, as is the manner of "departments," and so poor Philip Nolan was killed by the Governor of Texas, though he had the permission of the Governor of Louisiana to go into Texas. The Southwest, however, charged this cruelty, not to red tape, but to Spanish falsity and treachery. And the blood of Philip Nolan and Ephraim Blackburn became, as I believe, the seed which, when it ripened, fed the various assaults upon Texas that separated Texas from the Mexican confederacy. It is for this reason that I am always trying to urge my friends in Texas to erect a statue to Philip Nolan, either in the beautiful capitol of their own State, or in the gallery of heroes in Washington.

Of this infamy, as it now seems, from every written document of the time, the greater part transpired in the first eight years of the century; the years of Jefferson's administration. Jefferson had himself, as we have seen, been a correspondent of Captain Nolan's, had written to him, and had received his answers. Nolan, with

nearly twenty other Americans, who carried the permission of a Spanish Governor, had been treated in this way by the Spanish Government. Jefferson must have known of the transaction. Pike must have reported to him what he saw and heard. Yet it would appear that he never uttered a word for the freedom of these men or made any inquiries regarding them.

Another man would have had something to say to Godoy. Any President of the United States to-day who should neglect such a matter would be impeached. But Jefferson, till he died, was let alone.

All the same, there were twenty households of Americans which had sent out, each one young man,[1] to be the victims of this cruelty. From year to year there trickled back messages from Fero, from Blackburn, from Bean, and the rest, which told of the fate of these wretched slaves, whose number was smaller and smaller. Such stories passed from house to house, and from village to village. And so there grew up in the Southwest a vindictive hatred of Spain which showed itself as soon as the struggles for Mexican independence began.

[1] De Nava's successor, in his letters home, says thirty-two, but I do not know why. Bean gives the names of his twenty.

The Spain which broke faith with John Hawkins in 1567, which poisoned Delaware and his companions at Madeira in 1611, which had hanged the Huguenots on the coast of Florida; the Spain of the Inquisition; the Spain of Pizarro and of Cortes, was the same Spain to the friends of Philip Nolan and his companions when the century began. When in 1870 a Spanish Governor shot seventy passengers from the *Virginius* in Santiago without even the form of a trial, those men in the Southwest said, "This is the same old Spain!" When in 1897 Weyler committed worse atrocities, these people said, "It is the same old Spain."

We in the North could not conceive of this. To us, Spain was the Spain of Isabella II, our true friend in the Rebellion; the Spain of Gayangos, of Navarrete, of Irving, of Cervantes and Gil Blas; the Spain of Sancho Panza and of Don Quixote. We did not hate Spain. But the people of the Southwest did. To them, Spain was the Spain of murder, of fraud, and of violated promise.

And so the mills of the gods ground in their time. Those mills grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine.

AARON BURR

When I was preparing myself to write the story of "The Man Without a Country," which has been alluded to, I went as carefully as I could into the history of Aaron Burr, and what is called his Plot, winding up with the great Treason Trial at Richmond.

AARON BURR.
From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

I satisfied myself that there is more to be learned about it than any one now knows; and I still think that here is a good unexplored field of work for any wide-awake young man or woman who really cares for the history of the country. I also think that more important material than has yet been used by historians is to be found, not in this country, but in the archives of Mexico; and probably at Madrid also. I should not attempt any careful history of that business till I had been in Mexico and

Spain, with permission to use their papers of the time.

Burr probably had agents, if you may call them so, in all our seaports, pressing men to join him somewhere, somehow. Of such agencies of his the Spanish Minister at Washington was well informed, and he sent to Mexico, and I suppose to Madrid, despatches quite as highly colored as the truth demanded.

I began to wonder, very soon in my researches, why Burr was so carefully let alone by Jefferson in 1805 and 1806, and was then pursued with such intense hatred in 1807. Was there not, perhaps, at bottom in Mr. Jefferson's heart, a suspicion that Burr would be well out of the way, either if he succeeded in establishing his principality, or if he were killed in battle, or if he were halved and quartered by the Spaniards?

Recollect that Jefferson knew what they had done to Nolan and his men, and that Nolan's men were slaving in the mines of New Mexico. With this suspicion I went over the correspondence now at Washington as well as I could, only to find that, yes or no, whatever Mr. Jefferson knew or did not know, he covered his own tracks very carefully. There is nothing in the Jefferson papers or the papers from our Minister in

Madrid — nothing at all. You may read the correspondence and hardly know that there was any Aaron Burr.

The reader will thank me for copying Jefferson's very curious letter to Burr as early as 1800, December 15, in which he flatters him to the top of his bent. Yet, after this, there is, however, a long memorandum, which has been printed, which is Jefferson's account of a conversation between him and Burr in January, 1802, not quite a year after their inauguration. Burr is profuse in his protestations of loyalty to Jefferson. Jefferson is cold, scornful almost, in his account of his replies. It is clear enough that from that time there could have been nothing approaching intimacy between them.

In this conversation Burr said that New York was in the hands of two great families, the Clintons and the Livingstons; and that his loyalty to Jefferson had lost to him the confidence of both. This is an interesting suggestion to any one who cares to study the "unaccountable" in New York politics. It goes deep in the history of National politics for sixty years.[1]

[1] In the canvass of 1828–1829 John Quincy Adams made the remark, which I believe I first put in print, that in political matters "New York always was one of the devil's own unaccountables."

I had endeavored to compose an administration whose talents, integrity, names & dispositions should at once inspire unbounded confidence in the public mind, and ensure a perfect harmony in the conduct of the public business. I lose you from the list, & am not sure of all the rest. should the gentlemen who possess the public confidence decline taking a part in their affairs, and force us to take up persons unknown to the people, the evil genius of this country may realize his avowal that 'he will beat down the administration'. — the return of mr Van Benthuysen, one of your electors, furnishes me a confidential opportunity of writing this much to you, which I should not have ventured through the post office, at this ~~passing~~ season. we shall of course see you before the 4th. of March. accept my respectful & affectionate salutations.

Th: Jefferson

THE LETTER FROM JEFFERSON TO AARON BURR.
From the original, owned by the American Antiquarian Society.

If I were twenty years younger than I am, and if by good fortune there were eight days in the week for some half-year, I think I would write the life of Aaron Burr from 1795, perhaps, to 1810. No one else will do it. I observe, however, that in the flood of historical novels there are one or two which deal with him. But, historically, now that Mr. Parton is dead, nobody cares anything about him.[1]

It is a most picturesque, dramatic, and mysterious life. Sometimes one wonders whether, in his own mind, after it was all over, there remained any very distinct plan of what he was about or what he was trying for. It seems to me very queer that, living until the year 1836, he did not himself prepare a monograph which should tell at least what he pretended it was.

From 1795 to 1800 he was a prominent New York politician. He went and came with no fundamental theory of government, I think, and perfectly indifferent as to the questions of the day so only Aaron Burr was at the top and

[1] After I printed these words in December, 1901, I learned from Mr. Charles Felton Pidgin that he proposes "to write several books in which Aaron Burr will be a conspicuous figure," and "that he intends to close the series with a life of Colonel Burr." Mr. Pidgin is Councillor-in-chief and Correspondent-in-chief of "The Aaron Burr Legion."

other people were not at the top. Certainly one or two analyses made by Burr himself of the political quarrels of that day in New York add very little to our light on the subject. I do not believe that there now lingers in the State of New York any "silver-gray politician," or anybody else, who knows or cares why faction was divided against faction as it was.

As the reader knows, the Federalist party in Congress had determined to take its chances and elect Aaron Burr to the Presidency. It had failed, and Jefferson became President. With that election it was determined that the Southern influence should, on the whole, prevail in the government of America until the year 1861. The administration of John Quincy Adams, a month of William Henry Harrison, and two or three years of Millard Fillmore are exceptions, so far as the names of the Presidents may be taken as indications of the National policy. But practically the National administration was in Southern hands throughout those sixty years. For Martin Van Buren, Franklin Pierce, and James Buchanan were all chosen as "Northern men with Southern principles," as what John Randolph called "doughfaces," and what bitter partisans called "putty men." That is to say,

they were Northern men who were acting under the orders of the Southern party to the very last.

I do not myself think that in 1801 anybody in the country saw that the real cleavage line was the line between the States which were virtually free States and those States which were really handicapped by the slave system. In truth, slavery was not fairly abolished in all the Northern states at that time, though all the tendencies were against it. On the other hand, there was a very strong anti-slavery sentiment south of that line, particularly in the State of Virginia. This appears very distinctly in Jefferson's correspondence, in Madison's, and in Washington's.

All the same, however, the two parties of this country were the party of the North and the party of the South. One was a party of commerce and the other was a party of agriculture; one was the party of free labor and the other was the party of slave labor. When Josiah Quincy, one of the fine old Federal war-horses, was ninety-one years old, I took my oldest child over to the town of Quincy to see him in his country home, especially that she might remember that she had seen a man who was born be-

fore the American Revolution began. He was as well and strong as the youngest man who reads this paper. He was in capital spirits that day, and freely went over the history of America for a hundred years. Now, if you please, that day was just a century after the halcyon moment of which Washington wrote to a friend in London that America would never be heard of in the world's counsels again.

JOSIAH QUINCY.
After the portrait by Stuart.

It was in the heart of the Civil War, and I asked the old gentleman what was the first battle between the North and South. With rage only half suppressed, he said it was on the question between the Northern States and Southern States as to the position of the Federal capital — Should it be in Northern territory or Southern? And very indignant he was with Langdon, the New Hampshire Senator who

turned the scale. He spoke of Jefferson in terms as severe as I should use in speaking of Satan. And, by the way, I may say that he intimated that Jefferson's hold of the Democratic party, which was of course always the Southern party, did not virtually cease until the strong and young hand of John Caldwell Calhoun took the reins from Jefferson. In this conversation he cited a phrase of Gouverneur Morris that the mistake was a mistake "made at the beginning, when we united eight republics with five oligarchies." In that phrase of Morris's is hidden the political history of the country.

It seems to have been almost an accident that Aaron Burr should have been named with Jefferson as one of the two candidates for President under the old Constitutional arrangement. But, as it happened, he was the Northern Democrat of that decade. At bottom I suppose that was the reason why the Federal leaders in Congress in 1800 and 1801 determined to vote for him in the House of Representatives instead of Jefferson. Burr's position was, of course, one of the utmost difficulty. As late as the 16th of December, 1800, Jefferson had, or said he had, absolute confidence in Burr. The letter which

he wrote to Burr that day is still preserved, both in the original and in the press copy. The original is in Antiquarian Hall in Worcester, Mass.

The critical election in the House of Repre-

The Quincy Mansion at Quincy.
From an early woodcut.

sentatives came on the eleventh day of February, 1801. Before that day Jefferson had lost the confidence which he had expressed in Burr, never to resume it after. Burr had been chosen Vice-

President by the Senate under the Constitutional form. One would say that naturally between the President and the Vice-President, between the years 1801 and 1805, there would be a good deal of intimacy, seeing that they were both representatives of the same great party. In point of fact, however, Jefferson wrote Burr only two letters in that time; one to apologize for cutting open a letter by mistake, and the other of similar superficial character. Burr, however, would not tolerate this condition of things, and sought to obtain the interview with Jefferson which took place, as I have said. Jefferson's account is in his Journal, which has been printed. It indicates, all the way through, his distrust of Burr and his certainty that Burr had played him false in private negotiations with the Federal leaders. But I do not believe that Jefferson was right in this opinion, doubtless sincere. In Matthew Davis's Life of Burr, which I will say, by the way, is one of the stupidest and worst books that ever was written, he gives a mass of testimony which seems to me to prove that through the whole critical period of the election in the House of Representatives Burr was loyal to his chief and to the Democratic party. But, all the same, men doubted

him, and after the duel with Hamilton men hated him. Burr was never anything but an adventurer, and at the suggestion, as it would seem, of Matthew Lyon, he determined to throw himself on the West, in a region which was then come into importance. He made his first journey — a journey highly dramatic — down to New Orleans as soon as his term as Vice-President ended in 1805.

As I have said, it was my business to study this voyage of Burr down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers in every detail which was accessible to me. And very interesting study it was. I do not myself believe that at that time Burr had the slightest idea of any invasion of Texas or other enterprise aimed against the Spanish rule of Mexico; but he met on that journey plenty of people who hated Spain and knew what a paradise Texas is. It was not unnatural that, being a Vice-President out of business, he conceived the plan for the filibustering expedition on that journey.

On that first journey he met James Wilkinson, who was the General in command of what it was the fashion to call the "Legion of the West," and I think that was its official title. It was suspected even then that Wilkinson was in

the pay of the King of Spain, and we now know from Mr. Gayarré's researches in the Spanish archives that Wilkinson was receiving every year from the King of Spain a subsidy of three or four thousand dollars.[1]

Wilkinson's own account of his dealings with Burr is so evidently the falsehood of a traitor and an intriguer that one can only make guesses about what really happened; but what we know is that, after going down to "Orleans," as New Orleans was then called, and meeting with Daniel Clark and with others of the leading people there, Burr came back to the East with the determination to try a filibustering expedition, even if he had no definite plans for it. This determination occupied him when he arrived in Washington on the 29th of November, 1805, and until August, 1806, when he went to the West and sailed down the Ohio. Let the careful reader observe that we had taken possession of Louisiana nearly three years before. Let him also observe that the whole Southwest hated Spain with a hatred which has lasted until this time, of which the murder of Philip Nolan and

[1] The story of the discovery of this treason is a curious one, which I had from the lips of Mr. Gayarré in New Orleans in 1876, and which I have told in another place.

the wicked imprisonment of his companions made an important element. Burr had undoubtedly had four confidential and important interviews with Wilkinson in 1805.

NATHAN HALE

I have said that in these papers I am surveying the century as I have seen it myself through various keyholes.

We began on that day in October when at my grandfather's they killed a pig in the morning, when, as the day went on, the boy Nathan Hale was called in from his work in the garden and was examined for Williams College. He joined his class after its first term, as the new-born century began.

So for me and mine the nineteenth century begins — when the boy Nathan Hale begins on his course in college. His father's diary for the 9th of February, 1801, reads, "Have several scholars." On the 10th of February the little diary tells us that Nathan goes with Strong and Taylor and Levi Parsons to Williams College.

This means that so many boys went with Dr. Woodbridge on horseback across the Green Mountain range, that the boys might begin on their college course. On the 3d of March the

father wrote a letter to the boy, and this entry in his diary may connect the beginning of the century with the new era in the history of their country: "T. Jefferson chosen President U. S." For the next day, the 4th of March, was the day on which Thomas Jefferson walked from his lodgings across to the half-finished halls of Congress and took the oath as President of the United States. The reign of Washington and Adams was over, and the reign of the Virginian dynasty began.

I have already spoken of the discussion among the Philotechnian students at Williamstown as to the purchase of Louisiana. Dr. Tyler, the historian of the College, speaks of the four years after 1801 as if they were unsatisfactory. But my father enjoyed them, and always spoke of his work at the College with pleasure. We are so grand now, and so apt to speak as if the Dark Ages really lasted to our own time, that it is edifying to observe the subject which was given to him for discussion at his Commencement, September 5, 1804: "Has Society for the last fifty years been in a state of progressive improvement?"

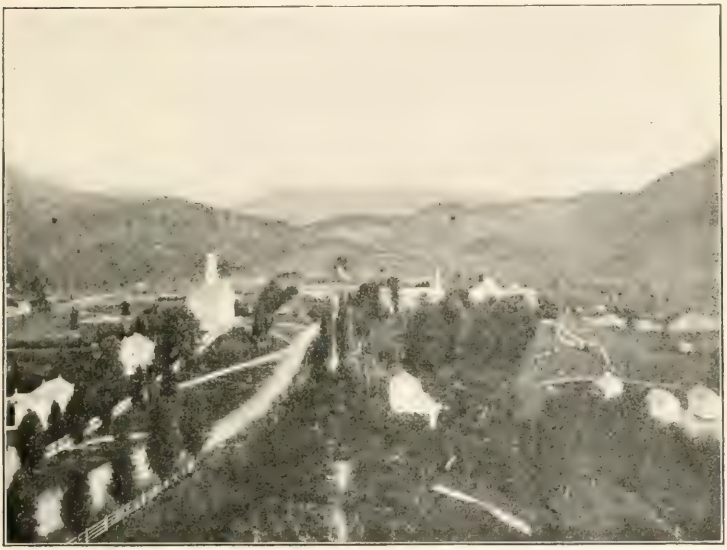
This twenty-year-old boy, "without embracing either extreme of opinion," proved to himself

and to his fond hearers, I think, that things had gone wonderfully well. He could speak of science with fresh recollections of Lavoisier, Priestley, and the destruction of alchemy; and he had Dr. Herschel, who had doubled the size of the solar system, and Franklin, who had tamed the lightning. To these he gave four of his precious minutes on Commencement Day.

"But the progress of the sciences has been surpassed by the improvement of taste in the fine arts." Stuart Mill was yet two generations in the future, but in 1804 "we may claim for our own time the merit of the discovery that syllogistical reasoning can conduct no further into the secrets of science than the naked eye of common sense could penetrate. This illiberal attachment to system and method has yielded to a taste founded in nature, correct and unadulterated."

And so, after five minutes more, we come to the useful arts, commerce in particular. There he is able to congratulate his hearers on the state of the political world. The year 1763 had crippled the house of Bourbon and extinguished all fear of universal empire, and then the American Revolution added an "extensive and powerful republic to the number of independent nations."

We drop a tear over poor Poland, but "sovereigns acknowledge their subjection to the restraints of moral obligation, and national honor becomes the strong guardian of national justice."



WILLIAMS COLLEGE AS IT APPEARED WHEN NATHAN HALE WAS A STUDENT THERE.

From a painting in the possession of Williams College.

The modern reader is a little surprised to read that in 1804 "war no longer carries havoc and ruin to the heart of an inoffensive country, but sports itself in the uncultivated fields or vents its thunders on the deep." Such had been the "pleasing picture till unexpectedly crimsoned by

an event as unnatural as it was momentous." This was the French Revolution. From its paths of blood the young optimist turns aside to study the improvements time has brought in in the science of government. "The practice of torture has been abolished from the German courts of justice." The state of the European peasantry is improved. The Ottoman power is on the decline. But, best of all, "freedom of enquiry and liberty of conscience are now universally enjoyed." We lament that so many young men "reject the cheering doctrines of the Gospel"; but how can we "wonder that on the liberation of the mind from the restraints of the Catholic faith, human reason should overleap the first weak barriers of truth. Infidelity is the offspring of Popery; but Popery is fallen, and the fate of religion is left to the decision of reason."

All this shows a brave forelook based on the abandonment of the various fetichisms of the century before. For our present purpose, for a contemporary view of the nineteenth century as it marched along, it is interesting to see that this boy, in a newly founded college in the wilderness, says of the Nation that "its unrivalled growth in riches, in power, and in respectability, the increase of its humane and literary institu-

tions, with the unprecedented excellence of its government and laws, are so well known to you that you cannot but acknowledge their importance. Such has been our unparalleled prosperity that if a man were called upon to point out a model of national happiness he would without hesitation name the last fifteen years in the history of the United States."

Such was what college boys dared to say of their own country in those happy times when there were no pessimistic New York weeklies.

TROY, EXETER, BOSTON

Williamstown, where young Hale graduated, is but a few miles from Troy. At his Commencement, or at that time, Mr. John D. Dickenson, of Troy, engaged him to be the tutor of his son and daughter for the next year. In that time he was to fit the boy for college and to give the girl such a training as he could with the brother. But this course of training was not to begin immediately, so that my father returned to Westhampton, and from Westhampton went to Troy. I suppose he wanted to see the city of New York, which was already the largest city in the new Nation. I never heard how he got there, and I do not remember how long

he stayed there, but from New York to Troy he went in a sloop or schooner — one of the packets of the time.

Mr. Dickenson was for a dozen or twenty years the leading citizen of Troy. My father always spoke with regard and respect of him and of his own two pupils.

He was, as I said, to complete the preparation of the boy for college. This meant that they were to read together most of the Latin and all of the Greek then required at Williams College or at Union College. The boy wanted to do this. His father wanted him to do it, and my father wanted him to do it. He did it, and he entered college with entire success.

The experiment satisfied my father that the fuss now made about the preparatory study for Latin and Greek is what Mr. Adams would call a fetich and what I should call a bugaboo. When I was an overseer at Harvard College, the eternal question about Greek in college came up, and I said, in a speech I made, that I would teach the Greek necessary to enter Harvard College to any intelligent boy or girl of sixteen who wanted to do it, if both of us had three months' time for the study. I looked across the room to Mr. Seaver, the accomplished superintendent

of the Boston schools, and I said, "Mr. Seaver will say the same thing," and he at once assented.

In September, 1898, I saw at the Hancock Cushman School in Boston three hundred and six girls who had just entered that school, who could not, all told, speak fifty words of English. In the next June, after nine months of training, they could speak English intelligibly, read it intelligibly, and write it intelligibly. The majority of them were Russians, more than half of the rest were Germans, and the remaining fractions were Bohemians, Bulgarians, Italians, and Heaven knows what—even Arabs. I may say in passing that not one French, English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, or American girl had entered this Boston school with them.

In 1873 I had the same thing taught me from the pupils' side. I was at Buda-Pesth and was talking in Latin with my friend Baron Orban, the same who has distinguished himself since in the Austro-Hungarian Ministry. I said to him, "How do you all learn to speak Latin when you are boys?" He said that he was sent to a boarding-school when he was ten years old. He was given one month and was told that if after one month he was heard speaking anything but

Latin, he would be flogged. The poor child had to say, "Da mihi panem et butyrum, si placeat," or starve. And he preferred the new language.

All of which is hardly an excursion; for, as these memories go on, this reader, if he holds by us, will have to contrast more than once the tomfoolery of the mechanical processes of mere Instruction against the efficiency of the eternal principles which govern real Education.

My father's own tastes, however, led him definitely into the study of mathematics, and he liked to teach the mathematics. He never lost his fondness for the classics. In speaking to his own pupils in 1807, he says definitely, "To those of you who are destined to the walks of a learned life, I would earnestly recommend a diligent cultivation of classical literature." But, as I have said, his tastes ran in the mathematical and practical lines; and so in 1805 he accepted the proposal made to him by Dr. Abbot, the head of Exeter Academy, who invited him to undertake the mathematical instruction in that school.

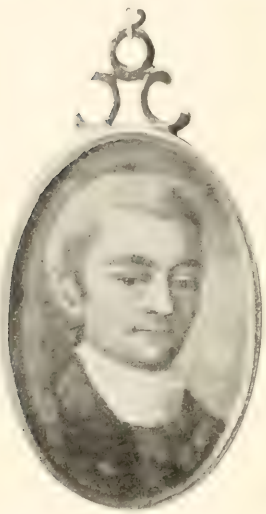
Phillips Exeter Academy is still among the most eminent of our institutions of secondary instruction. It had won its place already in the respect of New England. And I am proud to say that I think one of the steps forward and

upward in its progress was taken when Dr. Abbot selected this young mathematician, Nathan Hale, to direct its studies in the line of which he was so fond. For me and mine, the selection has proved important. For it was

PHILLIPS-EXETER ACADEMY, WHERE NATHAN HALE TAUGHT.
Built in 1794. The wings were added in 1822.

at Exeter that my father made the acquaintance and won the friendship of Alexander Hill Everett, afterward for most of his life in the diplomatic service of the country. From this friendship grew my father's attachment to Sarah Preston Everett, the sister of his friend, whom

he married in September, 1816, and who is my mother. Where I, who write these lines, should be if Nathan Hale had not gone to Exeter the year he became of age, I will not undertake to say.



Dr. Oliver Peabody of Exeter.
From an early miniature.

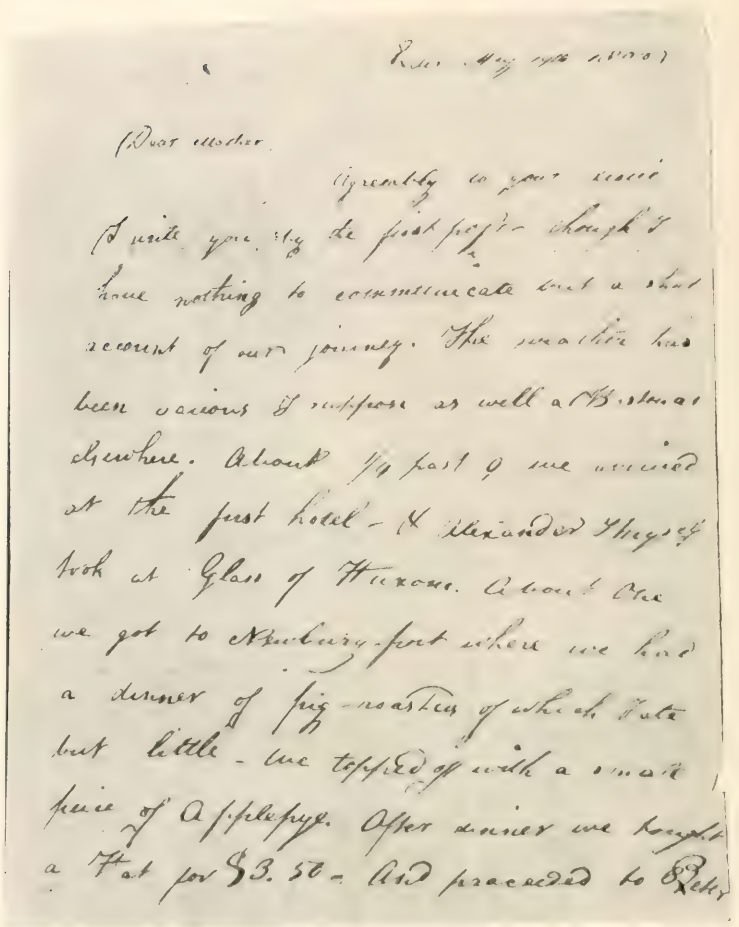
Exeter was really a home of the muses at that time. Leading in its social order was Judge Oliver Peabody, of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, and his accomplished family. Two twin brothers, William Bourne Oliver and Oliver William Bourne Peabody, both of Harvard College in the class of 1816, who, as men, afterward filled an important place in the best literary circles of New England, were little boys in 1805. I do not know what Williamstown had had to offer in the way of literature or art, or the social joys which are connected with literature and art, but I do know that at Exeter my father found a social circle as much alive to the delights and to the duties which belong to the highest edu-

cation of one's time as any social centre of the American world in which he could have lived.

In 1806 Mr. Alexander Everett brought with him to Exeter his younger brother Edward, who spent his last year there before entering Harvard College. The note from him, written when he was eleven years old, is perhaps the earliest of his writings extant. See pp. 112, 113.

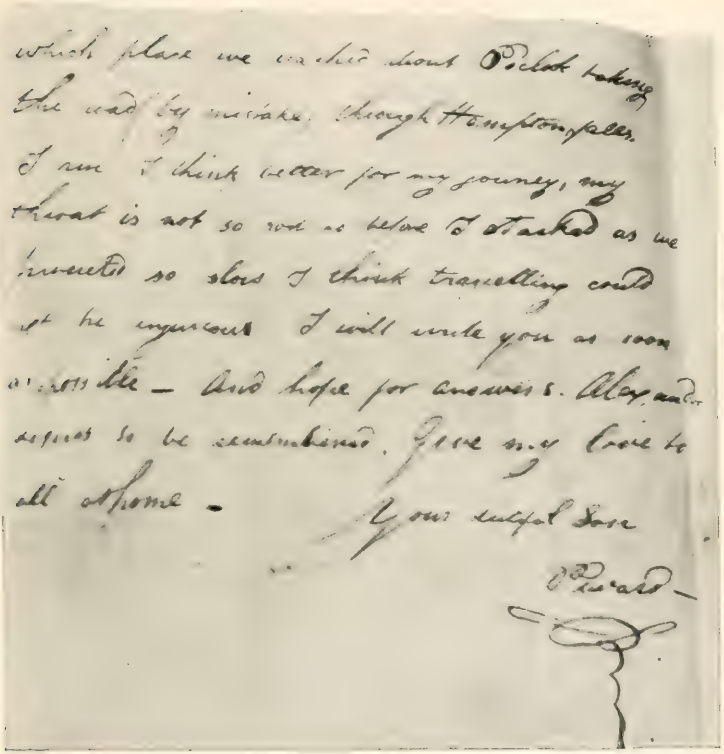
I think my father doubted for a little whether he would study law in Boston or in Troy. I think his father had wished that he should be a minister. I know that he had studied Hebrew in college. But he once said to me that he studied Hebrew because there was nothing else there he could study; and certainly by the time the year 1807 came, he had determined on the training of a lawyer. He went back to Westhampton and Troy, after two years' service at Exeter, but he returned this time to Boston, in the spring of 1808. When he arrived in Boston, he entered himself in the office of Oxenbridge Thacher, and he was admitted to the bar in 1810.

Meanwhile the leaders of Massachusetts politics, in especial John Lowell, of Roxbury, who was proud to call himself "a Massachusetts farmer," and the other young Federal leaders of



Edward Everett's Letter.

their time, found that the *Columbian Centinel*, which had been the organ of the Federal party, did not meet their wishes as a newspaper, and



Edward Everett's Letter.

established the *Weekly Messenger*. This John Lowell was the son of the John Lowell of Newburyport whom I call "the Emancipator." It would be fair to say that the *Messenger* was an organ of young Federalism in Massachusetts. It was the first paper in the country which declined to receive any advertisements, and threw

itself upon its worth as a journal of literature and politics for its reason to be.

The coterie of leaders naturally wanted some young men to take the oversight, to look after the proof-sheets and the rest, and in this service Nathan Hale and Henry D. Sedgwick were employed from the very beginning. It naturally happens in all such cases that the mayors of the palace become the kings. More and more definitely did my father show that he was, by his early and his later training, fitted for the position of an editor. More and more did his tastes lead him this way; and after a practice at the bar, successful as young men's experience goes, for four years, in 1814 he bought the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, which had been established a short time before, and for fifty years afterward he edited that journal.

The young lawyers of to-day would be amused if it were proposed to them to carry out the details of professional life in such ways as were required in the life of young attorneys ninety years ago. My father used to say that he was the first person who drove a chaise from Augusta across to Bangor. It was his duty, I suppose, to attach some property in Bangor. At all events, he conducted in person some transaction there

Boston Weekly Messenger.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1820. VOL. I. Number 1.—No.

THE BOSTON WEEKLY MESSENGER.
Published by Nathan Hale in 1820.

for one of his clients. He went from Boston to Augusta in the stage, and there took a wagon or chaise by which he went across the roads which before had been used only by riders on horseback or by teams with freight. This must have been in the short war with England.[1]

As early as 1809 Alexander Hill Everett, who was afterward to be his brother-in-law, sailed with Mr. John Quincy Adams for Europe, having engaged to be Mr. Adams's private secretary. In one or another diplomatic capacity Mr. Everett spent most of his time in Europe until 1829, when General Jackson recalled him from Spain. My father was thus in close correspondence with one of his most intimate friends, who was, on his part, from 1809 to 1812, in the centre of that diplomacy which has proved so important in the history of the century. I do not know when Mr. Hale learned German, but he always, since I can recollect, read French and German with ease; and the *Weekly Messenger* and the *Daily Advertiser* became exponents for America of the European news in a position

[1] A correspondent tells me that on the tombstone of Caleb Shaw in Newport, Maine, it is recorded that "he drove the first wheeled vehicle from the Kennebec to the Penobscot."

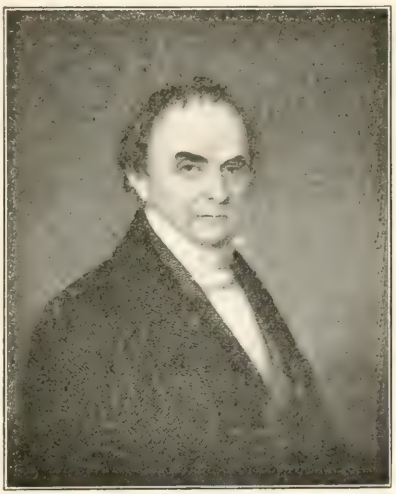
Yes; but a "wheeled vehicle" may be an ox-team and probably was.

which no American newspaper had taken before. In those days news did not come from hour to hour, but sometimes lucky vessels ran into Boston with intelligence six weeks later than any which had been received before. In the office of the *Weekly Messenger*, in my boyhood, there were traditions of extras which covered more than a month of the history of the world.

Mr. Webster's career in Boston had begun a little earlier than my father's. His brother Ezekiel had established a school there in which I have heard that Daniel Webster sometimes served as an assistant. I think Edward Everett was once a pupil in this school, but Mr. Webster established his law office at Boscawen, in New Hampshire, and then at Portsmouth. He represented Portsmouth in the War Congress of 1813. In the great fire of Portsmouth in December, 1813, his house and library were destroyed, and this disaster tempted him to remove from that place. He had some hesitation, in the choice of a new home, between Albany and Boston. But finally, in the year 1816, he determined upon Boston, where at once he took the place in his profession due to him. My father and he were very intimate. Edward Everett graduated at Cambridge in 1811, and between him and Mr.

Webster there grew up a close attachment. Mr. Webster's second son was named Edward in consequence of this personal attachment.

The *Messenger* and the *Advertiser* may be considered as representing in Massachusetts the new light of those leaders of Massachusetts who took the place which in the death of the old Federal party had been left vacant. I go into these details, of little interest to any but my children and myself, because, as I have said, my house is filled with the correspondence between Europe and America, between Washington and Boston, between Boston and half the world indeed, which grew out of these relations; and when I speak in these papers of the history of the United States from 1810 to 1901, I am speaking as one who illustrates what he says from such materials.



DANIEL WEBSTER.
After the portrait by R. M. Staigg.

THE SMALLER BOSTON

CHAPTER III

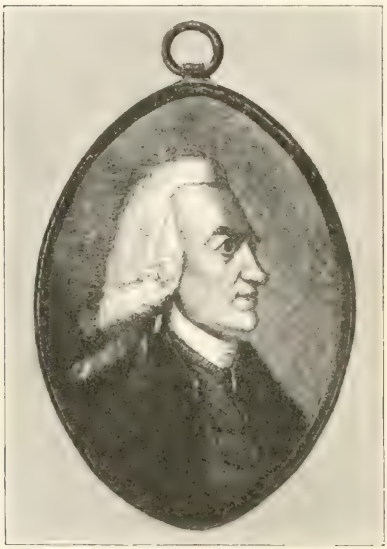
THE SMALLER BOSTON

BOSTON IN 1808

THE Boston which welcomed my father after his two days' ride from Northampton was a town of gardens. A few years after that time an ingenious Frenchman made a model of the town in cork, cutting out his separate houses and churches, and painting them in their proper colors. In the little handbill which explained this pretty reproduction of the town he says that there are in it nine blocks of brick buildings, of which one or two are new. The largest of these blocks were the two curved sides of Cornhill, which still stand. The name Cornhill, however, then applied to that part of Washington Street between Milk Street and Dock Square. The Cornhill of to-day was then called Market Street.

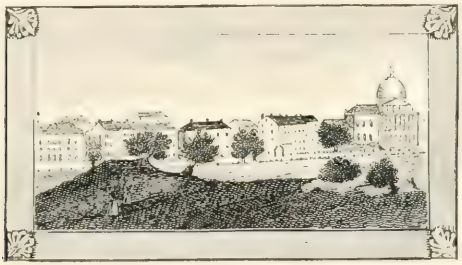
Most of the private houses in Washington Street had little yards or gardens, as we should say, on one or both sides, and on the street only

windows, the front door opening into the garden. In those days there were private houses in Washington Street. You may see the same arrangement in the Main Street at Charlestown to-day, on the other side of Charles River. In many cases there were orchards of considerable size immediately adjoining the houses. The account which Marshall Wilder gave in "The Memorial History of Boston" of the early gardens makes one's mouth water. "One of the largest gardens of that day was that of Governor James Bowdoin, who had a large house and extensive lot of land on Beacon Street, at the corner of Bowdoin Street, reaching quite over the hill — what is now Ashburton Place. This large garden abounded in the finest fruits, pears, peaches, apples, and grapes." Mr. Kirk



JAMES BOWDOIN.
After the miniature by J. H. Daniels.

Boott's garden was spread around the present site of the Revere House. "Fruit trees and vines and foreign grapes and other tender fruits which now succeed only under glass grew in the open air." In Summer Street the gardens of the Amorys, the Salisburys and Gardners, ran back to Bedford Street. In some instances



Beacon Street a hundred years ago.

these gardens covered two, three, or even more acres. No such luxury in open fields or orchards exists now.

These memoranda of old vacant spaces in Boston will have a certain interest for people who buy their thread and needles, perhaps, where I have picked and eaten pears, or have aimed my arrow at a target a hundred yards away.

But the exterior social changes between the active maritime town of thirty thousand people

into which, after two days, the Brookfield "stage" brought my father in 1808, are perhaps more noteworthy, when Boston life is compared against the more conventional life of to-day. A memorandum now before me, of 1806 or 1807, by the late James Hale, of New York, speaks of Colonel T. H. Perkins, for many years the prince of Boston merchants, as trudging home for his eight o'clock breakfast from old Faneuil Hall with the market-basket containing his one o'clock dinner. The same memorandum says that Harrison Gray Otis, the eloquent Senator of the State in Washington, might be seen doing the same thing; and that William ("Billy") Gray, whose ship discovered the Columbia River, Benjamin Bussey, the founder of the Agricultural School of Harvard College, Peter Chardon Brooks and Israel Thorndike, both of them among the richest men in New England, might be every morning in the same company.

CUSTOMHOUSE.

These gentlemen had bought their dinners personally at Faneuil Hall Market. It is a little

queer that when one goes into the historic Faneuil Hall, which we Boston people call "the Cradle of Liberty," he passes upstairs between the stalls of a market where he sees beef and pork, cabbages and lettuce, for sale. This is because Peter Faneuil, the son of a Huguenot, built the hall for the town of Boston when twenty thousand people lived there. He gave it to the town that the lower part might be used for a market, the upper part for a place of assembly for the citizens. At this moment, if any fifty citizens agree that they want to hold a public meeting in this hall, they can have the use of the hall without money and without price for that purpose. And the lawyers have long since instructed the government of the city that if she does not continue the use of the lower story as a market, some Huguenot of a new century might appear from France and establish his claim for this historic property.

Old State House.

In the business and pleasure of thirty thousand people there had to be large stables. And

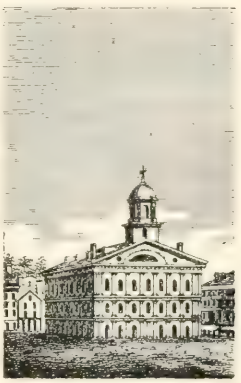
of the region now most crowded in the daily life of the town a large part was then given to such stables. Niles's stable ran back from School Street northerly. On Bromfield Street a large stable served the customers of the Indian Queen Tavern. This extended southerly. The Marlboro Hotel stood where the bookseller's arch

East View of Faneuil Hall Market.

now is. The taverns which stood where the Boston Theatre and Keith's now stand, and opposite them, were called the Lion Tavern and the Lamb Tavern and the Lafayette Tavern. Their stables ran back there. On the south side of West Street was another large stable. There was a very large stable on the west side of Haw-

ley Street, where the great retail shops of Washington Street now run back and cover the whole territory.

In 1830, when I was eight years old, I was sent on a Sunday morning with my brother Nathan to the house of Mr. Alexander Everett, in Summer Street, with the "extra" from the *Daily Advertiser*, which contained the news of the downfall of Charles X and the Parisian Revolution of 1830. We must needs go through Hawley Street, I do not know why, but when we arrived in Summer Street we found we had lost our documents. We returned at once, to find that the stablemen of the street were reading our news and so we regained our precious "extra." I tell the story, because I never pass through Hawley Street without thinking of Charles X.



Faneuil Hall.

The very queer lay of the streets in one and another part of Boston may be referred frequently to the former existence of these great "lots" of land, all but forgotten, which were

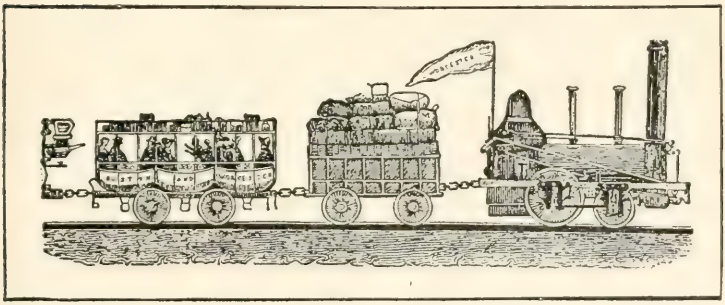
covered by barns for hay, and other cheap wooden buildings.

Into a town like this there shambled in very different *stages*, which were never called stage-coaches, from all parts of New England; or, very likely, travellers arrived in their own chaises. Observe that no wagon of four wheels for pleasure travelling was known until General Dearborn introduced such a wagon from the West in the period of the English war; and the light four-wheeled wagon in which people began to ride from place to place was called the "Dearborn wagon."[1] Besides the spring of the wagon proper, the seat hung on a spring of its own; it was, therefore, well adapted for corduroy riding. This seems to have been a Western invention, when New York was a Western State.

The first steam railroad line which carried passengers out of Boston was the Boston and Worcester Railroad Company, which sent a train, mostly as a matter of curiosity, nine miles out, to West Newton, in the summer of 1833. Before that time the communication with the

[1] I am sorry to say that the Century Dictionary says that this wagon was invented by a man named Dearborn. But I tell the tale as it was told to me.

interior was made on the common roads with horse traction, with the exception, which is hardly an exception, of the few passengers and slight freight which came on the Middlesex Canal from the Merrimack River. Boston was supplied with lumber, as our good American English has it, and with most of the fuel for burning, from Maine, and such products of the forest were



Boston and Worcester Railway.

brought by water. Such supplies as this made fuel very cheap in eastern Massachusetts. Our trade with the West Indies also made molasses a very easy product to import here. Putting these two easy and cheap commodities together, that is to say, wood under a boiler and molasses into the boiler, and you obtained New England rum. For the first forty years of the century, therefore, the manufacture of rum was a princi-

pal manufacture of the town of Boston; and to this hour, whoever digs a new cellar for any large building in what was then the South End of Boston runs against the old excavations which were made for condensing vats in those days.

The population of Boston in 1808 was about thirty thousand. The space occupied by the old peninsula was about seven hundred acres. My father used to say, when he was seventy years old, that when he came to Boston the enterprise of internal improvement which attracted the most interest on the part of Boston people was that by which they should dig down Beacon Hill and fill up the mill-pond, celebrated in Franklin's early biography, at the northern end of the town. This was successfully done, so that Mr. Thurston, of the house in Bowdoin Street destroyed only lately, used to say that the chimney of his new house, four stories high, was at the same spot in space as where the doorsteps were some years before. This condition of things lasted until the end of 1847, when it was the business of my father, as head of the water commission of that time, to rebuild Beacon Hill, in order to give sufficient height to the reservoir which should supply the highest levels of water in Boston.

Time rolled by, and in the last week of 1889 it was my privilege, in the company of Governor Oliver Ames, to offer in words the prayers of the great assembly when we laid the corner-stone of the annex to the State House, for which

The Old State House.
From a picture owned by the Massachusetts Historical Society.

corner-stone my father's reservoir had been pulled down and Beacon Hill again reduced in its altitude.

THE LAST LEAVES ON THE TREE

The Boston to which my father came in 1808, and to which Mr. Webster came in 1814, was

separated by a generation from the Boston of the Revolution. Mr. Webster alludes more than once, I think, to the fact that he was born the year before the treaty of 1783; and I always liked to tell my father, who was born in 1784, that he was as old as the Nation. When he came to Boston, the Revolutionary men were still on the stage as old men. Even Jefferson had not dared remove General Benjamin Lincoln, who had been made Collector of the Port by Washington. He resigned in 1808. Peter Oxenbridge Thacher, with whom my father studied law, was born in 1776, the son of that Dr. Thacher who wrote, from his personal observation, the American official account of the Battle of Bunker Hill. He was minister of Malden, and, with half his flock, he saw the battle on the "Rail Fence" side, across the Mystic River.

So in 1808, one saw men to whom the Revolution was as fresh as the Civil War is with us, and as distant. And, just as the generation stepping on the stage now does not care to be bound by the traditions of Bull Run or Antietam or Gettysburg, just so then the younger school of politicians were finding out that they had a country of their own.

For myself, I did not see men to know them for yet a generation more.

I was born in 1822, fifty-seven years after the Stamp Act and the Stamp Act Riots. Fifty-seven years after my birth, in 1879, Mr. Justin Winsor asked me, as one of his co-workers, to write the history of the Siege of Boston for the Memorial History.

I did the work as well as I could. I was a little amused — more than amused, I was interested — to observe that my birthday was halfway between the time which separated me and mine from King George and his. When my work was done, I was curious to test the value of personal tradition by seeing how much my own memories had contributed to my own article. I believe that there were twelve anecdotes in that chapter which I have heard and had not read, not one of the slightest real importance. But I propose now to go into a little detail with regard to them, because I think that such detail furnishes comment of some use on a habit far too general, of relying upon tradition.

My dear old friend James Savage, of the Massachusetts Historical Society, really thought, I believe, that the traditional anecdote was false because it was traditional. This goes much too

far, but, on the other hand, such a series of reminiscences as my twelve seem to me to show of how little worth personal tradition is at the end of the century. Here was I, growing up in Boston, within a century of the outbreak of the Revolution, and here are the facts which come to me from other sources than written history. For local color, yes, for

LAFAYETTE'S VISIT TO BOSTON.
From an old print.

what the artists call the broken lights in the foreground, such anecdotes have a certain value; but for the foundation facts, from which the truth of history is to be discovered, we must be very careful how we trust to the memories of men.[1]

[1] Yet when in 1863 Mr. Savage was asked at a dinner party if he remembered my "Man Without a Country," he said that the name was fictitious, but that he remembered the court-martial.

I must have seen Lafayette himself with the eye of the flesh, on the 17th of June, 1825. I was three years and more than three months old, and on that day Lafayette went in procession from Boston to Charlestown to lay the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, on the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill.[1] I was a little boy, recovering from scarlet fever, and I was lifted up at the window to see the procession pass which escorted Lafayette. The place was opposite the Tremont Building of to-day, where the Tremont House stood for a half-century. At that time there was a large garden or orchard there, with three wooden houses upon it.

LAFAYETTE.
From a colored print.

[1] This battle is so far forgotten that, in a careful revise, which had passed the correctors in the best printing-house in America, within sight of the Monument, I once had the words come to me as the Battle of Bunker Kill! This gives a sort of Boer sound to our history.

Alas and alas! such are the memories of childhood that, while I can recall the green feathers of the Rifle Rangers, a crack military company of that day, and also the yellow badge that was given to me which had Lafayette's head printed upon it, I have now no recollection either of the carriage in which he rode or the horses which drew it, far less of the hero himself.

My father then lived in the second house from the southern corner of School Street, but not long after he removed into a new house which was then built on the corner lot, occupying, as the other house did, part of the site of the present Parker House. As we children stood at the window to see the people pass, we used to see Major Melvill, who was really a hero of the Tea Party. He is the "last leaf upon the tree" of Holmes's song: —

> "But now he walks the streets,
> And he looks at all he meets
> Sad and wan,
> And he shakes his feeble head,
> That it seems as if he said,
> 'They are gone.'"

One knows that he really was of the Tea Party because he never said he was. It is to be noted, in any study of what tradition is

worth, that if in the last century any man said he was of the Tea Party, you knew that strictly he was not. If, on the other hand, when the subject was alluded to with an old Boston man, he smiled and winked and perhaps said nothing; if he turned the conversation in some other direction, you were almost sure that he was one of the two parties which were organized to throw the tea overboard. These members met at Griffin's wharf, coming from the North End and the South End by appointment. They placed sentries at the head of the wharf to prevent interference from any one. Their faces in some instances, and I think in all, were blackened, that they might not be recognized. And they went to work as stevedores would do, in a systematic way, to haul up the tea from the vessels, to break open the chests, and to throw the tea into the water. All these men had sworn with a masonic oath that they would never implicate any one in the transaction. If, therefore, when these men were old men, they did not say they were there, that is no reason for supposing they were not.

On the other hand, every man and boy in Boston who had two legs repaired to the scene

to look on. Some of them even struggled through the guard, as did the father of the late Charles Sprague, the poet. Mr. Charles Sprague told me this story. His father struggled through because his master who was at work in the Tea Party, recognized him. He blackened the boy's face with soot from a blacksmith's shop, as the rest were blackened, and permitted him to join in the work. But young Sprague was not, and never pretended that he was, one of what is technically called the Tea Party. Major Melvill was, and never said he was. Any amount of the tea as the tide went out drifted on the beach at South Boston, and there are few old Boston people who have not seen vials of the tea which were taken from the mounds which were then upon the beach. But we are apt to forget how little room tea takes.

A correspondent, Mr. Fritz Jordan, well informed in such matters writes me: —

"I make the following computations as to the Tea Party of December 16, 1773.

"John Adams says in his letter of Dec. 17 that all the tea in three ships was destroyed. Other records state that the names of the ships were the *Dartmouth*, *Eleanor*, and *Beaver*. I

have seen no statement as to their size, but it is possible that there are some records extant giving it. The *Dartmouth* was owned in Boston. The number of chests destroyed was 324. I have no data from old invoices as to the probable size of these chests, but as they were apparently passed out of the hold by hand and without the use of tackles they probably did not weigh over one hundred pounds or thereabouts. Most of the tea of to-day is imported in half chests of about 55 lbs. gross weight and 40 lbs. net weight, and of $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet cubical contents. Assuming that these chests were double the size, or 80 lbs. net weight, 110 lbs. gross weight, and 5 cubic feet contents, the 324 would contain 27,360 lbs. of tea, equal to more than 12 tons, or including the packages, 17 tons weight, or about $40\frac{1}{2}$ tons measurement. A room 10 feet wide, 20 feet long, and a trifle over 8 feet high would hold the 324 chests. They could be loaded into an ordinary freight car, or put into the smoking room of a modern steamship.

"These ships are spoken of as tea ships and nothing is said of any other cargo, but it appears to me that they must have had some other cargo, as it is probable that they were from fifty to over a hundred tons burthen."

I remember no one else who actually wore a blue coat and leathern breeches, as the hero of Dr. Holmes's ballad does.

I think that Major Melvill was the first survivor of the Revolutionary soldier whom I saw, knowing that he had been a Revolutionary soldier. I must have seen many such men, but in 1830, when my real memories begin, people would hardly point them out in the street. By which I mean that a man who was twenty-one on the day of the Battle of Bunker Hill was in 1830 seventy-six years old. In all notices for public processions, for many years after that time, there was a place reserved for "survivors of the Revolution." The one exception of a veritable Revolutionary soldier with whom I have ever talked was Mr. Eben Clapp, of Northampton. I preached in Northampton in January and February and March, 1843. Mr. Clapp was one of the constant attendants at our church. I dare not say one of my constant hearers, for the old man asked me once to give out the text distinctly and address it to him personally, as he sat in the front pew. He said, "When I hear the young men's texts, I know what they are going to say," and implied that he did not care for much beside the

text. Mr. Clapp had been out "ag'in' Burgoyne" in 1777. The whole of the Connecticut Valley in Massachusetts was swept by conscription, and every man from sixteen to fifty-five was enrolled and had to march with the militia of Hampshire County to join the army under Schuyler, Gates, or Lincoln. Then there came another draft for the "exempts." Mr. Clapp's grandfather, who was nearly sixty, would have been obliged to march with this contingent, but Eben Clapp, a boy of fifteen, begged that he might be accepted as his grandfather's substitute, and was so accepted. With this company of "exempts" he marched as far north as what was known as "Number Four" in New Hampshire, which is now the town of Charlestown, New Hampshire. There they heard of Burgoyne's surrender, and they returned to their homes. The conversations which I used to have with Eben Clapp are, so far as I know, the only conversations I ever had with a Revolutionary soldier. It may be readily imagined that I did not learn from him much of the interior conduct of the war. In my grandfather's diary the great surrender is thus recorded: "October 23, lodging and so forth, 3s. Ride with Colonel Webster's son,

dine at Pembroke (New Hampshire) 2s 6 pence. Ferry at Pennycook, 4. Burgoine surrendered prisoner 17th Stop at Uncle Atkinson's." [The day's ride must have been from Portsmouth to Concord.]

As late as 1857 or 1858 I knew Mrs. Nancy Brown, a nice old lady, well preserved, who must have been at that time eighty-seven years old. She told me that she was a North End girl; that the day of the Battle of Bunker Hill every one who lived there was, of course, intensely excited. The cannon on Copp's Hill were, from time to time, firing across at Charlestown; the children must have seen Charlestown burning, though I do not remember that she spoke of that. But she did tell me that when the carts began to come up from the ferry with the wounded English soldiers, the children ran after the carts as they went up what are now Lynde Street and Staniford Street; and they could see the gouts of blood running out from the tails of the carts as they stood upon the roadway. Even in the hardest press of a cab, when eager to strike a train on the Northern railways, I never can drive through Staniford Street without thinking of that dripping red rain.

Since these words were first printed I have received the following note of a similar tradition from a Western correspondent : —

"Joseph Dyar, a boy in Boston at the time of the Battle of Bunker Hill, used to relate that he, with his brother and other boys, saw the wounded British soldiers carried from the boats that brought them over from the battle-field, and followed the carts through the streets, watching the blood drip into the dust."

At the foot of Winter Street in Boston, on the north corner, there has stood since my memory a wooden house, where is now Tuttle's shoe shop. This is on the spot, I may say in passing, where I first met John Brown, of Kansas. The New England Emigrants' Aid Board held its office in that place for years. The daughter of the lady who occupied the house in 1775 told me that an English private was billeted there in the winter before the siege of Boston. At nightfall on the 18th of April he came into the house for his kit, his musket, cartridge-boxes, knapsack, and the rest, being one of the detachment which was ordered out under Colonel Smith for the surprise intended

by the night march to Concord. The lady said to him, "When shall you be back, Gibson?" and Gibson said, "God knows, madam," and bade her good-by. They never saw him again. This anecdote has some worth, for it completely relieves Mrs. General Gage from the scandal in the early histories, which intimate that because she was an American by birth she confided her husband's secrets to the American patriots. If, in every house where a soldier was billeted, it was known at six o'clock that a thousand men were going out, we need not look to the Province House for the source of the information which Paul Revere and William Dawes carried out north and south at eight o'clock that evening.

In the year 1837 the accomplished student Mr. James Trecothick Austin delivered a lecture on the siege of Boston, which I heard and which I afterward read. It is a pity that this lecture should not now be printed. He had a good deal of local information which he had derived from survivors of the Revolution. I remember that he said that, as the sun went down, Beacon Hill was crowded with the Boston people who were quite ignorant of what had happened in Middlesex County; that, as night came on, they could

see the flashes of the muskets of the returning British forces and the victorious militia as they fired upon each other in the retreat of Milk Row, which we now call Kirkland Street.[1]

It is only a few years since the old stone powder-house was removed which stood, in Revolutionary days, surrounded with salt marsh, where the Cottage Farms bridge now crosses the Charles River. When General Washington was first making his rounds to the various posts of the Continental Army besieging Boston, he visited this powder-house. The day of the visit is to be found in the "American Archives." As he came out, the officer in charge called him aside and said that he supposed he understood that the kegs of powder which they had been inspecting were filled with black sand. This had been one of the precautions of General Ward, who had deceived even his own staff as to the amount of what is called, in the letters of that time, "the essential article." It is of this visit that the tradition is that Washington did not speak for an hour afterward. At that moment, without allowing anything for the cannonading, he

[1] "In a barn at Milk Row
Ephraim Bates and Monroe
And Baker and Abram and I made a bed."

had but nine musket-charges of powder for each man for his whole army.[1]

When I was in college, Jared Sparks, always a near friend, was lecturing on American history. I stopped after a lecture to ask him some question, and he told me this story of the Battle of Princeton. I dare not call it my personal touch with the Revolution, but it removes me from it by only one gap. Sparks told me of the Massachusetts officer, whose name he did not give me, who was at Princeton on the day of the battle. There is a certain bridge, which the well-informed reader will remember, which it was important to destroy. Washington instructed this Massachusetts captain to take a file of men and destroy

[1] Nobody chooses to care now, but General Miles, in an article in the *North American Review* in September, 1900, revealed to the world the secret that when we went to war with Spain the nation had not powder enough for half a day's supply of one pitched battle. Everything in the invasion of Cuba had to be postponed till we could make powder enough for our war. Every home critic, our excellent friend Mr. Dooley, for instance, and one might say the whole press, ridiculed and abused the Government for its delays. In truth, the Government was waiting until it had powder enough to fight with. It seems to me immensely creditable to the War Department that no hint of this secret slipped out. When General Miles had a right to make it known, no one whom I ever heard of, of all the critics, even read the articles. I never saw any newspaper which condescended to mention this curious fact. The war was already a "back number." It was history, and the modern theory of Journalism is that newspapers have no business with history.

the bridge. The captain touched his hat and said, "Are there enough men?" and Washington said, "Enough to be cut to pieces." This gentleman told Dr. Sparks afterward that as he went back to his men he pinched his cheeks for fear that they should see that he was pale; and they destroyed the bridge.[1]

[1] A courteous correspondent tells me that the officer in command lived to old age and often repeated the anecdote. It was Captain Varnum of the Massachusetts line. And my near friend and companion in arms (have I not slept under his blankets?). Dr. Alfred Alexander Woodhull gives me the following note regarding the bridge:—

"The bridge, or rather its stone successor, which belongs to the memory of the well-informed reader (*Outlook*, Jan. 4, p. 39), I frequently cross in these days. This bridge, perfectly strong and commodious, has lived through one entire century and parts of two others. The original bridge was wooden and spanned Stony Brook, on the old king's road between New York and Philadelphia (and the older Indian route between the Raritan and the Delaware), and its destruction by your Massachusetts friend after the battle was necessary to delay Cornwallis, hastening from Trenton to overtake Washington. It was cut down, the last of the work, tradition has it, under fire from the approaching British, and some at least of their rear guard were immersed in the icy water. Fortunately the brook was in freshet and Cornwallis was materially delayed before he could find a ford farther up stream. It was Mercer's advance upon this bridge *before* the battle, to break the line of the enemy's communication, that brought on the action. He came in collision with British reënforcements en route *to* Trenton from Princeton, and to gain a commanding position near by and let the bridge go until that enemy was defeated was the first necessity."

When John Stark cut off Baum and his party at Bennington, the history of the world changed, if we may trust Colonel Chesney. Stark was at this moment very angry with the

JOHN STARK.
From the painting by U. V. Tenney after the Trumbull portrait.

Continental Congress, which had snubbed him in some way. He would not tell them of his victory, but he wrote to the government of Massachusetts and of New Hampshire, whose militia he had commanded at Bennington, and

he sent to Massachusetts "one Hessian gun and bayonet, one broadsword, one brass-barrelled drum, and one grenadier's cap taken from the enemy in the memorable battle fought at Wallomsac on the 16th of August last"; and requests that the same may be kept "in commemoration of that glorious victory obtained over the enemy that day by the united troops of that State, those of New Hampshire and Vermont, which victory ought to be kept in memory and handed down to futurity as a lasting and laudable example for the sons and daughters of the victors, in order never to suffer themselves to become the prey of those mercenary tyrants and British sycophants who are daily endeavoring to ruin and destroy us."

The General Court said in reply: "These trophies shall be safely deposited in the archives of the State, and there remind posterity of the irresistible power of the God of armies and the honours due to the memory of the brave. Still attended with like successes, may you long enjoy the just rewards of a grateful country."

Memory is a treacherous ally. And I, who had often seen these trophies in the Senate chamber in the Boston State House, persuaded

myself, before I was a man, that the Hessian Colors were also there : —

> " Hang there, and there, the dusty rags
> Which once were jaunty battle flags,
> And for a week, in triumph vain,
> Gay flaunted over blue Champlain,
> Gayly had circled half the world,
> Until they drooped, disgraced and furled,
> That day the Hampshire line
> Stood to its arms at dress parade,
> Beneath the Stars and Stripes arrayed,
> And Massachusetts Pine,
> To see the great atonement made
> By Riedesel and Burgoyne."

The truth of history requires that I should here acknowledge that Riedesel is really a word of three syllables.

As a school boy I used to take my sled up to the hill on Boston Common where the monument to the heroes of the Civil War now is. The redoubts thrown up by the English in 1775 were then still in good condition, so that we could "play soldier," if we chose, in the protected trenches behind the works. These trenches, however, collected water, which became mud, and since I have become a man the ground has been wholly smoothed over.

Lord Percy, afterward the Duke of Northum-

berland, was a young man of spirit who commanded a brigade of two or three regiments, and was disposed to teach them what war really was. Instead of putting them into quarters for the winter of 1774–1775, he established them in tents on the line which extended from the head of West Street as it is now, as far as the parade-ground where Charles Street separates the Common from the Public Garden. He found it pretty cold, and he doubled his tents, crowding the spaces between with hay and straw. All this left a good deal of vegetable matter in the circle covered by each tent, of this the result was that the grass in those circles started earlier in the spring than other grass in the neighborhood. Until within thirty years these circles of grass could be distinctly traced; but in the progress of civilization it has been necessary to lay a flagstone sidewalk there, for the accommodation of the people who used to come up from the Providence railroad station to go to their business in Boston every day, so that the circles of grass, which till thirty years ago were so many memorials of the Revolution, have been destroyed.

One of the familiar traditions in my own family, told to us children, was that my great-

grandmother, Mrs. Alexander Hill, was suffering from an illness which I suppose was a consequence of the hard rations of the siege. Her husband, Alexander Hill, went downstairs before light in the year 1775–1776, and, as he opened the back door of their house at the North End, he stumbled across a bag which proved to contain a bit of fresh mutton. Fresh mutton was something which he and his household had not seen for months. From the fresh mutton, mutton broth was made for my great-grandmother as long as it lasted.

As this story was told on successive Thanksgiving days, we children conceived the vague impression that the Angel Gabriel descended from heaven with the bag of mutton, which he left at "Grandpa Hill's" door. But, as time rolled on, history revealed the truth that Major Moncrieffe, who was an old brother in arms of General Putnam, received from Putnam a "present of fresh meat." And, on the 31st of July, Dr. Eliot thanks Daniel Parker for two quarters of mutton smuggled in from Salem.

The charming Murray letters, just now published, reveal to us an arrangement which is not mentioned in the histories. Through a considerable part of the "Siege of Boston" friends were

permitted to meet under a flag of truce on the two sides of Roxbury line at the neck. Apparently you could send in a half a dozen eggs to a friend or could send out a paper of pins.

In January of 1776, Burgoyne, who was among the people besieged, wrote a play which was called "The Blockade of Boston," and this play was acted by the British officers at Faneuil Hall. A venerable kinswoman of mine, Miss Letitia Baker, told me, as late as the year 1835, that she went to Faneuil Hall that night to see the play under the escort of an English officer. As the play advanced, a sergeant rushed in, crying, "The Yankees are attacking Bunker Hill!" This seemed a part of the play, until the highest officer present came out saying, "Officers to their posts!" and Miss Letitia Baker, then sixteen years old, I believe, had to find her way home without the attendant who had taken her to the play.

I am afraid that these desultory anecdotes, if I may call them such, of my personal relations with the Revolution must end when I say that, under the guidance of that charming gentleman, Mr. Henry Armitt Brown, of Philadelphia, I visited Valley Forge some twenty years ago. The most interesting thing in the visit which

I recall is this: that the fortification by which the barracks were protected from any sudden incursion from Philadelphia, having been thrown up in the midst of arable land, presented a certain difficulty to the ploughman in after years. Of this, the consequence is that a large square "reservation," so to speak, is now covered by a heavy growth of woodland which would all have been under the plough for a hundred and twenty years but for the accident that these works had been thrown up there. So it happens that the forest, now more than a century old, is the monument of the Valley Forge encampment.

Harrison Gray Otis, Senator of the State of Massachusetts in Congress, and Mayor of Boston, sent to me, in the year 1844, on the 17th of December, these notes: —

"On the 19th of April, 1775, I went to school for the last time. In the morning, about seven, Percy's brigade was drawn up, extending from Scollay Building [where Scollay Square now is] through Tremont Street, nearly to the bottom of the Mall [by this Mr. Otis means the Mall of English elms, and the "bottom of the Mall" means the head of West Street], prepared to take up their march for Lexington. The Cor-

poral came up to me as I was going to school, and turned me off, and told me to pass down to Court Street, which I did, and came up School Street to the schoolhouse. [This is where the ladies' room at Parker's now welcomes lunching people every day.] It may be imagined that great agitation prevailed, the British line being drawn up a few yards from the schoolhouse door. As I entered school I heard the announcement, 'Deponite libros,' and I ran home for fear of the regulars."

I forget who told me what I know to be true, that the critical delay which held that reënforcement so long waiting on Common Street, happened in this fashion, which shows what red tape was and is in the English service. These troops were waiting for the Marines. "Where are the Marines, where are the Marines!" Finally the proper orderly was found. "Did you take the order for the Marines last night?" "Yes, sir, and I left it at Major Pitcairn's quarters." Alas, Pitcairn had gone with the first detachment; it was already four hours since he had given the order to fire on Lexington Common, and here we are on Common Street at eight o'clock in the morning, waiting for somebody at

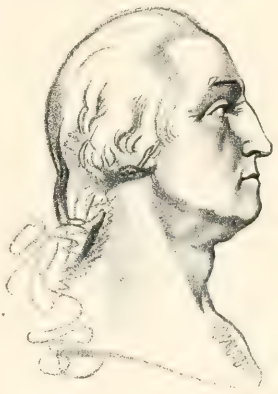
the North End to cut open his order for the Marines.

The coasting scene, almost celebrated in local history, belongs on School Street, where the sleds of the Latin School boys ran down daily on the snow from the point where is now the Bellevue House, as far as Washington Street. General Haldimand was quartered at the corner of what is now Province Street. His servant broke up the coast by putting ashes and dirt upon it. The first class of the Latin School waited upon Haldimand, and told him that coasting was one of their "inalienable rights." Haldimand was very civil to them. He did not want to make more disturbance than he could help. He sent for his servant and scolded him, and told him to put water on the coast every night when it would freeze. He asked the delegation from the Latin School to take a glass of wine with him. This may be called the first triumph of the Revolution. The story of this interview was told to me in 1844 by Jonathan Darby Robins, who was one of the committee who interviewed Haldimand on this celebrated occasion. I am sorry to say that I cannot find any reference to the matter in Haldimand's rather voluminous correspondence.

This is a good place to say that the philologists have not found in print any earlier use of *coast* for a slide on a sled than the letter of the time describing this interview.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

I began these papers with a story of a little Italian girl who paid me the high compliment of asking if I were George Washington. I was obliged to confess that I was not. It was only the summer before that I had been reading a lecture on "Washington in Private Life" at the Pennsylvania University in Philadelphia. A courteous lady joined me in the street-car as we rode home and asked me if I were personally acquainted with my hero. I was well pleased at the tribute thus paid to the vividness of my pictures of him. But to have had an intimate conversation with him, I must have been one hundred and fifteen years old at the time when



GEORGE WASHINGTON.
From a rare stipple engraving after the Houdon bust.

I met her. I did not however, suggest this to her, but I was obliged to disown her compliment, as afterward I disowned that of the little Italian.

As the reader will have to follow along with more or less memorials of all the other Presidents, I think I will put in here, as a sort of prologue to the memories of the century, some notes of different reminiscences of George Washington which I have stumbled upon sometimes, when I have come in touch with people who had seen him and known him. I have outlived the period when there was a determination to make him a demi-god, but that period continued well down the nineteenth century. As late as 1864 I served as the junior member of a committee of the Massachusetts Historical Society which was to edit the Heath-Washington letters, owned by the Society. So soon as the committee met I said that I would not serve unless we determined from the first to print the letters as we found them, "swear-words" and bad spelling and all. We had fresh in memory the discussion between Dr. Sparks and Lord Mahon as to Sparks' treatment of the Mss. which he had published. The veteran chairman of the committee, my kind and accomplished friend,

Mr. Thomas Coffin Amory, said at once: "I think Mr. Hale is right. I think the time has come when we can *afford to tell the truth* about Washington." He really meant that, at the beginning of the century, it was better to hold up Washington's authority as that of a superior being — not to be discussed, and far less to be doubted.

I am sure he was wrong. I have studied Washington more carefully, I think, than I have studied any life except Franklin's, and I am sure that the more we know of Washington, and the more we can tell of him, the better all round. Writing, as I do, at the period of the Judge Marshall Centennial, I am tempted to say that a careful reading again of some of Marshall's chapters in his "Life of Washington" is well worth the while of any one who wants to know the truth.

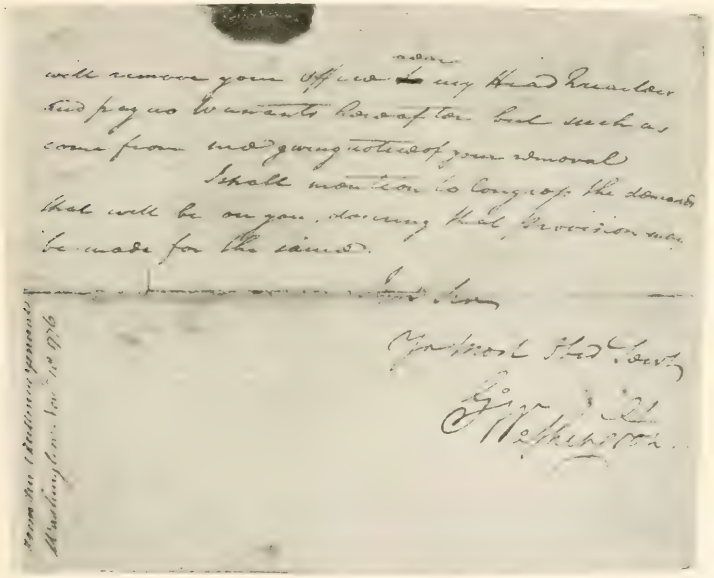
As I lost my chance of talking with Washington by being born a quarter of a century too late, I have but a few anecdotes of him which have not, before my time, been put on paper. In the Washington Number of "Old and New," edited by me and published in February, 1872, the student will find a few studies of that time for which it is worth while taking down the volume.

There is an account of Braddock's defeat, where you would not look for it, in Day's "Sandford and Merton," where an old soldier tells the story, in 1783, observe, to the prigs who are named Tommy Merton and Harry Sandford. The year after that defeat Washington came on to Boston for the first time. He came on horseback, remember, with two aides, and four or five black servants. There were also led horses to ride upon as relays for the others. It is pity of pities that the original diary of that year, writ by his own hand, has been "conveyed" from the collection now at Washington. Sparks saw it, but made little use of it. I think it was stolen, and that afterward it appeared in some auction. And I print this in the hope that a faithful reader can give a hint as to where it is now.

I will put in a parenthesis here what seems to me a good story about this valuable lost manuscript. There was some suspicion that it was in one of the great Chicago collections, and our friend Mr. Robert Lincoln was kind enough to try to look it up for me. But he did not succeed. Mr. Lincoln told me that he did go to a great collector and ask him to trace it for us. When, the next week, he returned to inquire about it, the virtuoso said, "Send to Mr. Hale

to say that I have not Washington's diary for 1746, but that I shall be glad to show him a lock of General Washington's hair."

An enterprising Philadelphia publisher once



THE WASHINGTON LETTER.

asked me to furnish for him twenty original stories of Washington. The contract was too large even for my audacity, and I had to decline. But I did try my hand on starting a tradition, and if we all acknowledge that we take a part, there is no harm in handing it along. I wrote

a story which represents Washington with his aides, Mercer and Stewart, as clattering along "Marlboro Street," now Washington Street, in Boston, coming in from the great Governor Shirley's house in Roxbury, and stopping at the "Cromwell's Head," in School Street, then the best inn in town.

(Good doctrine, this, for young Colonel Washington, if, as people choose to think, he was of Cavalier family. Observe that this was one hundred and five years since Charles the First's head had been cut off, when we stand under Cromwell's and give our bridle-rein to the groom. Washington's memories of Charles were about as old as ours of Washington are.)

In my story, which the reader will find in its place, the Latin School boys, from the school just above, on School Street, where the Franklin statue now stands, come down to see the little Virginian company. Washington asks one of them to mount his horse. He sees that the boy has an older friend, and calls a black servant for a horse for him, meaning to take a short ride with them. But, alas! he is called into the Town House to meet Shirley, and the two Bostonians have to take their scamper alone.

But, half an hour after, they all three meet again under Cromwell's Head.

"Have you enjoyed your ride?" the Virginia Colonel asks them.

"Oh, certainly," says the boy, who proves to be Josiah Quincy. "We went right up to the Common, and I made Mr. Hancock ride three times round the Wishing Stone. And, Colonel Washington, what you wish there will certainly come to pass."

"And what did you wish?" asked the Virginia Colonel, laughing.

The boy blushed, but he answered bravely, "I wished that all the Continental troops might be in one great army, and that Colonel Washington may be Commander-in-Chief."

They all laughed heartily, and Mercer, who had joined them, laughed as well. And Washington said, "And I will wish that our friend Mr. Hancock here may be President of the Continental Assembly, when that grand day comes round."

Now there are many stories in Plutarch which have no more foundation than this. There is no proof that this is false, so let us hope that it is true. To the New York *Observer*, with which I have an old battle on this point, I will observe

that the story belongs to a class of literature sometimes called "parable" and sometimes fiction.

It was on this journey that Washington fell in love with Mary Philipse, who married, not George Washington, alas! but Colonel Morris, who had been, like Washington, an aid of Braddock's. Not many years ago I visited the Braddock battle-ground, through which the Pennsylvania Railroad now runs. As you go from Bessemer to Braddock, a few miles from Pittsburg, you pass through the scene of the Braddock massacre. From this place I took the train home, to find on my table, of course, a note from an English correspondent, asking me if nobody wanted pretty Mary Philipse's picture — picture by Copley, observe. I tried to make the Yonkers

Mary Philipse.
From an engraving by J. Rogers.

people buy it, but they did not "seem to want it." And I suppose the picture is in England still. Another portrait of Mary Philipse, also by Copley, is preserved in this country. This is the picture followed in our engraving.[1]

Governor Edward Everett awakened a new enthusiasm for Washington by his oration which he delivered everywhere in 1856 and later. The object, as publicly announced, was to raise money for the purchase of Mount Vernon; and in this enterprise he succeeded. The estate is now the Nation's, and one likes to say that everything in the arrangement of the home itself is just what we could wish. His own wish, everywhere freely expressed, was to make one effort for uniting in a matter of sentiment the Northern and Southern people, who were so hopelessly divided in politics. It was his one last effort to reconcile the two.

His "Life of Washington," published in the same interest at the same time, contains a good deal of what he had himself picked up in conversation and elsewhere. His father, my grand-

[1] That picture is now the property of Mr. Amherst Morris, great-grandson of Colonel Roger Morris and Mary Philipse, whom Morris married. He was one of Braddock's aids at the battle, and was wounded there. Our picture follows an engraving by J. Rogers.

father, had delivered an oration on Washington in 1800, when the whole country was mourning him, just after his death. In this address I found the suggestive and important statement that so thoroughly did Washington reckon himself a citizen of the country, and bound by the duties and habits of the Virginia country gentleman, that after he had retired from the Presidency of the Nation, he served once at least as foreman of a jury in the regular business of the county court.

It is with some hesitation that I add here, what I am afraid is true, though I never heard it said aloud until the year 1901. It belongs with the discussion as to the third term for the Presidency. The statement now is that Washington did not permit his name to be used for a third election because he had become sure that he could not carry the State of Virginia in the election. He would undoubtedly have been chosen by the votes of the other States, but he would have felt badly the want of confidence implied in the failure of his own "country," as he used to call it in his earlier letters, to vote for him. It is quite certain, from the correspondence of the time, that, as late as September of the year 1796, the year in which John

Adams was chosen President, neither Adams nor Washington knew whether Washington meant to serve a third time.

I have been assured by gentlemen who lived in northern Virginia that the universal impression there was that the slaves of the Washington plantation hurried Martha Washington's death because their own liberty was secured, by Washington's will, after her death. I do not believe that this bad statement can be authenticated. But there is no doubt, I believe, that Madison had made a similar will liberating his slaves after Mrs. Madison's death, and that he changed his will on account of this rumor with regard to the Washington slaves.

Mr. Everett told me that Colonel Pickering told him that Washington's hand was the largest hand which he remembered to have particularly noticed. I suppose the anecdote is in print, but I heard it in conversation, which gives the detail of his anger at Monmouth when he met General Lee. Washington asked him why such a column was retiring, and Lee said that the American troops would not stand the British bayonets. Washington replied, "You damned poltroon, you have never tried them!" As this relates to the exact truth of

the battle, the story seems probable. Since printing this anecdote I have a note which gives the detail of the story as told by an eye-witness.[1]

Hannibal Hamlin, the Vice-President with Abraham Lincoln, told me that when he entered Congress in 1842 there were Virginians still there who knew Washington personally. They said that the neighbors regarded him as a clear-headed, sensible man, whose opinion was worth having, and who was well worth consulting in farming matters or in common business. He thought that in Washington's later years this neighborly feeling quite overruled the estimate which the same people had of his service to the country.

[1] "David Breading was temporary aide to General Maxwell at Monmouth, New Jersey. Maxwell sent Breading to find General Washington, and to report to him Lee's action in retreating when Washington had ordered otherwise. He found Washington, and the General said to him: 'Young man, can you lead me to General Lee?' Breading replied that he could. The General said: 'Lead on, and I will follow.' They went at furious speed, and found General Lee. Washington said: 'Why have you acted thus?' and swore at him in no mild terms. My grand-uncle, David Breading, narrated this to me, himself being the actor.

"As Mr. Hogg and his ancestors were good church members, perhaps the *damned* poltroon of your anecdote may be the "no mild terms" of their recollection. When one considers the provocation, it would seem easy to pardon the Father of his Country had he used some very much stronger imprecations." — *From a note by Dr. Woodhull.*

Procession.

Boston, Oct. 19, 1789.

AS this town is shortly to be honoured with a visit from THE PRESIDENT of the United States: In order that we may pay our respects to him, in a manner whereby every inhabitant may see so illustrious and amiable a character, and to prevent the disorder and danger which must ensue from a great assembly of people without order, a Committee appointed by a respectable number of inhabitants, met for the purpose, recommend to their Fellow-Citizens to arrange themselves in the following order, in a

PROCESSION.

IT is also recommended, that the person who shall be chosen as head of each order of Artizans, Tradesmen, Manufacturers, &c. shall be known by displaying a WHITE FLAG, with some device thereon expressive of their several callings, and to be numbered as in the arrangement that follows, which is alphabetically disposed, in order to give general satisfaction.--The Artizans, &c. to display such insignia of their craft, as they can conveniently carry in their hands. That uniformity may not be wanting, it is desired that the several Flag-staffs be SEVEN feet long, and the Flags a YARD SQUARE.

ORDER OF PROCESSION

MUSICK.

The Selectmen,
Overseers of the Poor.
Town Treasurer,
Town Clerk,
Magistrates,
Consuls of France and Holland,
The Officers of his Most Christian Majesty's Squadron,
The Rev. Clergy,
Physicians,
Lawyers,
Merchants and Traders,
Marine Society,
Masters of Vessels,
Revenue Officers,
Strangers, who may wish to attend.

Bakers, No. 1.
Blacksmiths, &c. No. 2.
Block-makers, No. 3.
Boat-builders, No. 4.
Cabinet and Chair-makers, No. 5.
Card-makers, No. 6.
Carvers, No. 7.
Chaise and Coach-makers, No. 8.
Clock and Watch-makers, No. 9.
Coopers, No. 10.
Coppersmiths, Braziers and Founders, No. 11.
Cordwainers, &c. No. 12.
Distillers, No. 13.
Duck Manufacturers, No. 14.
Engravers, No. 15.
Glaziers and Plumbers, No. 16.
Goldsmiths and Jewellers, No. 17.
Hair-Dressers, No. 18.
Hatters and Furriers, No. 19.
House Carpenters, No. 20.
Leather Dressers, and Leather Breeches Makers, No. 21.
Limners and Portrait Painters, No. 22.
Masons, No. 23.
Mast-makers, No. 24.
Mathematical Instrument-makers, No. 25.
Millers, No. 26.
Painters, No. 27.
Paper-Stainers, No. 28.
Pewterers, No. 29.
Printers, Book-binders and Stationers, No. 30.
Riggers, No. 31.
Rope-makers, No. 32.
Saddlers, No. 33.
Sail-makers, No. 34.
Shipwrights, to include Caulkers, Ship-joiners, Head-builders and Sawyers, No. 35.
Sugar-boilers, No. 36.
Tallow-Chandlers, &c. No. 37.
Tanners, No. 38.
Taylors, No. 39.
Tin-plate Workers, No. 40.
Tobacconists, No. 41.
Truckmen, No. 42.
Turners, No. 43.
Upholsterers, No. 44.
Wharfingers, No. 45.
Wheelwrights, No. 46.
Seamen,

N. B.—In the above arrangement, some trades are omitted—from the idea, that they would incorporate themselves with the branches mentioned, to which they are generally attached. For instance—it is supposed, that under the head of *Blacksmiths*, the Armourers, Cutlers, Whitesmiths and other workers in iron, would be included; and the same with respect to other trades.

Each division of the above arrangement is requested to meet on such parade, as it may agree on, and march into the Mall—No. 1 of the Artizans, &c. forming at the South-end thereof. The Marshalls will then direct in what manner the Procession will move to meet the President on his arrival in town. When the front of the Procession arrives at the extremity of the town, it will halt, and the whole will then be directed to open the column—one half of each rank moving to the right, and the other half to the left—and then face inwards, so as to form an avenue through which the President is to pass, to the galeries to be erected at the State-House.

IT is requested that the several School-masters conduct their Scholars to the neighbourhood of the State-House, and form them in such order as the Marshalls shall direct.

THE Marine Society is desired to appoint some person to arrange and accompany the seamen.

THE BULLETIN ISSUED ON THE OCCASION OF WASHINGTON'S ENTRANCE INTO BOSTON IN 1789.

Our dear old Josiah Quincy, college president when I was an undergraduate, was one of John Hancock's aides when Washington came to Boston in 1789. When he was ninety years old, Mr. Quincy told me that, in one way and another, he frequently saw Washington in the days when he was in Boston. Quincy had to render to him the fit courtesies of the State. He said that although Washington had then had very wide experience in life, there appeared, mixed in with the manners of a perfect gentleman, a certain shyness, such as you might see in any man who lived a good deal without the society of other people. "Exactly," Mr. Quincy said, "as you have met a fine country gentleman from one of the smaller towns who was spending the winter in the Legislature at Boston." He implied, that is, that in Washington's personal manner, while he quite understood the important dignity of his position as President, there lingered still the traces of what might be called the shyness of the life of a plantation. I am almost sure that Mr. Quincy used the word "shyness."

An old parishioner of mine once told me that the day when Washington entered Boston in triumph, — that is, on the 17th of March, 1776, he

took up his headquarters at the best public house in Boston, which was at the head of State Street, until then called King Street. According to my old friend's account, General Howe had occupied the same inn. The mother of my informant was the daughter of the keeper of the inn, and was a little girl playing about the house, and, of course, interested in all that passed. Washington, with his usual kindness to children, called the child to him and said, "You have seen the soldiers on both sides; which do you like best?" The little girl could not tell a lie any more than he could, and, with a child's frankness, she said she liked the redcoats best. Washington laughed, according to my friend's story, and said to her, "Yes, my dear, the redcoats do look the best, but it takes the ragged boys to do the fighting." This is one of many well-authenticated anecdotes which disprove the old demigod theory that Washington never smiled.

Every new biography of Washington is better and better, because it reveals him to us as a man, and he is no longer a demigod. On another page is an autograph from a letter which has never been published. Older readers must excuse what may interest younger readers — the little history of this particular scrap of writing.

I was sitting one night, when I had nothing better to do, examining and destroying old papers of my father's. I came to an old letter, in a handwriting which I did not remember, which seemed like an article on the character of Washington. I said to myself, "Surely, if papa did not choose to print this ten years ago, I need not save it now." I crushed the paper in my hand to throw it into the fire, when the signature which the reader sees arrested my eye, and I found that the letter which I had been criticising enclosed an autograph of Washington which a Virginia friend had thought my father would like to see. So near did I come to destroying the autograph! Moral. — Remember the Chinese law: that no piece of paper with writing upon it should ever be destroyed.

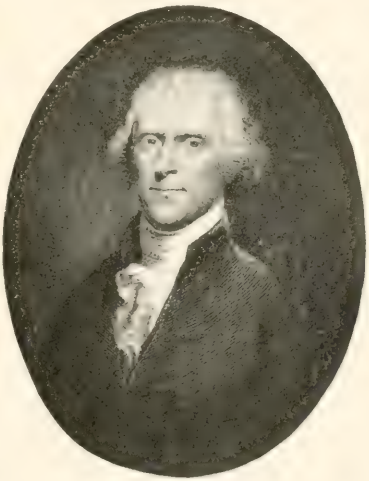
THE VIRGINIAN DYNASTY

CHAPTER IV

THE VIRGINIAN DYNASTY

THOMAS JEFFERSON

I HAVE already quoted from my grandfather's diary the words which seemed to him big with fate, "T. Jefferson chosen President U. S.," and big with fate they were. My grandfather, a fine leader of the people in the fashion of his time, thought that dangers untold began for the United States in that moment. He was right enough in thinking so. But he did not understand, and it seems to me that for five and twenty years nobody understood, that this country governs



THOMAS JEFFERSON.
After a painting by Bouch.

itself, and that the backward and forward moves of Cabinets and Congresses have not, in general, a critical importance in the history of the country. They are by no means of that critical importance which the liveried servants of the country think they are. I have said this already, but I shall often say it again, whenever any one gives me a chance.

The men who made the Constitution builded better than they knew, perhaps. Whether they knew it or not, they made such arrangements that the American People governs America. True, there are people in America who are constantly harking back to the supposed analogy between their President and the sovereign King, between their Cabinet and an English Cabinet. Now, it is hopeless to undeceive Europe on this subject. Every writer on the Continent of Europe supposes that Mr. McKinley was a king, or that Martin Van Buren was a king. But on this side of the ocean we ought to know that every one of the Presidents has been the servant of the American people.

Undoubtedly Thomas Jefferson, without meaning to inflict a serious injury on the fortunes of the young Nation, really thought he was to be a sort of king. But the young Nation was so

much stronger than he was that, after he became President, he really fills the place in history which a fussy and foolish nurse fills in the biography of a man like Franklin, or Washington, or Goethe, or Julius Cæsar, of whom the nurse had the charge. It is interesting in a fashion to know whether Master Julius Cæsar wore his baby clothes six months longer than he should have done under our practice, but, as it appears when you read his own life, this has not proved a very important matter. In the same way it is interesting to know how much fuss and how much folly there was in Jefferson's pretended oversight of the infant Nation, but when you see that apparently without his knowledge Fulton and Livingston were revolutionizing the world, that Eli Whitney was revolutionizing the world, that the pioneers in the Valley of the Mississippi were creating the history of to-day, that in spite of Jefferson and his policy the infant navy of the United States was forming itself and that her immense maritime commerce was coming into being, it is impossible to think that Jefferson's administration had that crowning importance in history which his older admirers claimed for him.

To tell the whole truth, the history of what I

like to call the Virginia Dynasty, their failures and follies, their fuss and feathers and fol-de-rol, for the first quarter of a century, never got itself written down until twelve years ago. Mr. Henry Adams then published his very entertaining history of the years between 1801 and 1817. The more prominent actors in that period were skilful in covering their tracks, and have done so curiously well. Such books as Hildreth's book on the outside history of America — let me say modestly, such chapters as my own in the "People's History" — were therefore made up only from public documents and from the superficial contemporary view in the wretched newspapers of twenty-five years. This is the reason why our printed histories of the generation before our own are neither correct nor interesting, nor in any sort important until we come down to 1861.[1] Into this circle of chattering crickets there steps Mr. Henry Adams. He is the son of a great statesman, who is the son of another great statesman, who is the son of another great statesman, and all of his ancestors have left behind them full materials for history. Mr. Adams has lived, perhaps in an official capacity,

[1] I will speak at more length of this in Vol. II., Chap. II., in referring to the historians.

certainly with the respect deserved by such men, in the principal capitals of Western Europe. He has had ready access to the confidential correspondence of English, French, and Spanish diplomatic agents for the time of which he writes. In our own Department of State he is, of course, a welcome guest. And now, with a charming and pitiless impartiality, he draws all curtains back and reveals to us the frenzies, the follies, the achievements, and the failures of what people call the "government" between 1800 and 1817.

I have read many novels as the last ten years have gone by, but not one of them is so amusing as is this record of people who were trying to persuade themselves that they were great men, and even thought they were. In Mr. Adams's nine volumes, if my young friends the historical novelists of to-day only knew it, there is material for endless comedies which are not yet written.

But the United States is absolutely convinced that the Nation is always right in what it undertakes. It must be confessed, also, that our habit of looking forward is so certainly fixed that our people care very little for their history. They hardly care for it at all. And so it happens that Mr. Adams's History is passed by as you

might pass by annals of the court intrigues of Hugh Capet. This is partly because it is new, partly because it is true, but mostly because it is all so far back in time as to come under the head of a "back number," to borrow one of the expressions of our modern slang. His revelations make it clear that the work of Jefferson's régime and of Madison's and of the Congresses which met in their time was almost always foolish or frivolous. But who cares? It is all eighty or ninety years ago. This revelation has been printed, published, and passed by with only the very slightest attention on the part of the general reader.

One does notice, with a certain interest that since Mr. Adams's volumes were published, the old-fashioned indiscriminate praise of Jefferson has almost ended. In truth, there is hardly a recommendation of his from 1801 to 1826 which anybody likes to quote. The annexation of Louisiana is the one great triumph of his administration; and he himself would not have pretended that he had sought for this. It was greatness thrust upon him.

But I suppose we ought to insert here a few dates and forgotten names, if it is only to propitiate Miss Jerusha Dryasdust, the accomplished

principal of the high school in New North Nolandville, when the first class takes "History in thirteen lessons." All she wants is dates and names.

This calendar may briefly run thus: —

"1803. The Texan, Phil. Nolan, killed by the Spaniards, and nobody at Washington cares.

"1805. Jefferson's second Presidency. Electoral vote, 162 to 14.

"1805. Burr sails down the Mississippi for the first time.

"1806, 1807. Berlin and Milan Decrees.

"1807, 1808. English Orders in Council.

"June, 1807. The English frigate *Leopard* fires on the American ship *Chesapeake*, and takes four seamen from her.

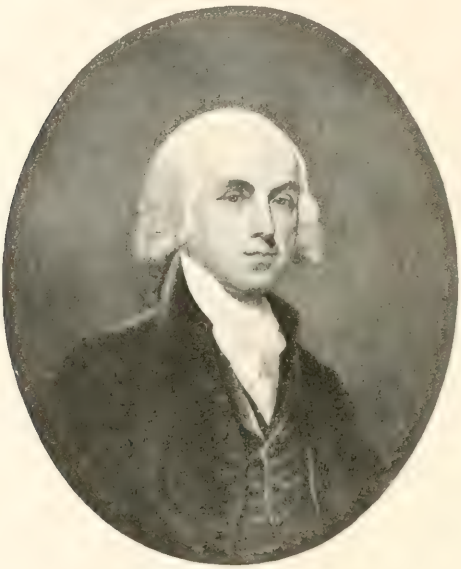
"December, 1807. Jefferson's Embargo, which paralyzes the commerce and agriculture of the country for a year. It lasted for the first nine months of 1808."

With such abject disgraces Jefferson's second reign ends and Madison's begins. Jefferson retires to his home at Monticello, and thinks he is going to run the country from behind a screen, as an Italian runs Punch.

But no!

JAMES MADISON: AN UNWRITTEN TRAGEDY

Poor James Madison! The best fitted of any of the Virginian Presidents between 1801 and



JAMES MADISON.
After the portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

1825! A man of genius, learning, wisdom, integrity! A man to whom the country was immensely indebted for what he did in making the Constitution and in securing its adoption. He became President; and an ambitious man of

his ability might well be proud of this. And now his administration stands in history as all mixed up with futile politics, with a useless war, which includes his own flight from his own capital; a war only not disgraceful to the country. Poor Mr. Madison!

As for "poor Mr. Madison," I have been for twenty years trying to find some young dramatist who would make for us a historical tragedy out of the details of the crisis of his life. Even Mr. Stephen Phillips might be willing to handle such a theme. Here is a wise man, a patriot, well equipped, well surrounded, ambitious, old enough, young enough. He has all the external conditions which a man need have, in the shape of houses, bread and butter, and a sky over his head, and money in the bank; and, in general, good surroundings. And he is born in Virginia, which has taken upon herself, what nobody else cared for much, the administration of the new Nation.

All this seems very fine. It is very fine for the moment. The only bitter drop in the cup is a drop which all men have always found bitter. For James Madison is eight years younger than Thomas Jefferson. (Note eight years, all astrologers and wiseacres and Girondists of whatever

type.) And Thomas Jefferson is in the saddle; and James Madison is the Fitz-Eustace to his Marmion. Poor James! He can write as well as his chief, or better; his armor is as good, or better. There are who say his horse is as good as the chief's, or better. He knows more than the chief, and he thinks he can do as well as the chief, or better. But that cursed misfortune of the eight years compels him for a certain eight years, between 1801 and 1809, to run on that chief's errands and to do what the chief says; to pull the chief out of countless scrapes, and to take the responsibility for the chief's dreams or fancies or blunders. History is full of such miseries. It is like poor Lord North having to conceal the craziness of his young King, before 1770: and that is one of the most tragical things in history.

Now, here is the point which the dramatist is to see: in 1809 Thomas Jefferson retires and James Madison becomes President. Dear good soul, he thinks that at last he is going to have his own way. He is fifty-eight years old, five years more before the grand climacteric, which is very near the prime of a man's life. The Constitution which he has interpreted on paper is to be interpreted in fact, as he reigns. He

moves into the White House, and so Fitz-Eustace mounts Marmion's horse. He proposes to forget this wretched vassalage of the past and to step forth a freeman on the enterprises before him.

But just at that moment a set of young bloods from the West and South surround him. They have no care for history. The young American never cares for history, as I have said already. They tell him that this and this is to be done thus and so. They tell him that they mean to fight England, and that, as God lives, he must fight England. They tell him that he shall be President of the United States for another term only if they and theirs choose that he shall be President of the United States. So this poor Secretary of State for Thomas Jefferson, when he flatters himself that for once he is going to give his own dinner-party and ask his own guests, finds that Henry Clay and John Caldwell Calhoun and a group of other young gentlemen of thirty years of age, more or less, who have the country behind them, are to dictate to him the policy of his administration; and that he is to obey them for the last half of his life as he obeyed Mr. Thomas Jefferson for the eight years before.

This reminds one of the amusing story which

the banker, Abraham Mendelssohn, the father of Felix Mendelssohn, used to tell of himself. He said that while he was a young man, indeed while he was well forward in middle life, people introduced him as the son of Dr. Moses Mendelssohn — "You will like to know the son of the great Dr. Mendelssohn." The great Dr. Mendelssohn, forgotten, I am sorry to say, by this reader, was the great metaphysician of those days. All of a sudden, however, as this good Mr. Abraham Mendelssohn walked the same streets, people began to introduce him as the father of Mendelssohn — "You will be glad to know the father of our great musician." So my poor James Madison, after having been Fitz-Eustace of Marmion, just as he approaches his grand climacteric, finds that he is to run the errands of Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Clay.

Is not this tragic? And in your drama here is the climax, such as hardly any student of history could have suggested — that at the crisis moment of poor Madison's life the great Napoleon himself fell mortally wounded from his eagle flight. Madison had hoped that at least he was making himself an ally of the greatest conqueror of the world. But before his war was well begun, this great conqueror had lost the

greatest army which modern times had known, and was himself in flight from Moscow to his own capital.

Leaving the tragedy — and coming back to "History in thirteen lessons" — Madison's war did not begin until 1812.

The situation was complicated, of course, and very badly complicated, by the length of time required to receive news from Europe and to send instructions to Europe. One and another excitement harassed the thinking men until, on the 18th of June, 1812, Congress declared war.

PEPPER AND GINGER. — WAR!

A bright Portuguese minister, whose name I have forgotten, said in the year 1812, or thereabouts, that the same Providence which takes care of idiots and drunkards takes care of the United States. I do not suppose he thought that this dictum would be remembered after ninety years, nor do I think that he supposed it was a reverent statement of an infinite truth. All the same, it does state such an infinite truth. And it is one worth remembering, especially by people whose business it is to write "leading articles" between one and two o'clock in the morning.

What happened in 1810 has happened many, many times since; and let us hope reverently that it will happen many, many times more. That is to say, the "Power that makes for righteousness," whose name among most English-speaking people is God, helps forward by his Immanent Presence, and by what we call laws resulting from his Immanent Presence, all those people who are trying to do his will. And so it happened then — "happened," as we say irreverently — that the people of the United States, so far as they were trying to do right, were helped forward. It "happened" that there were a few ignorant and foolish persons at Washington and in Congress who thought they knew better than the people, by and large, of the United States. These few undertook to lead those many by the nose. Here is the Secretary of State, Mr. Monroe, for instance, sneering at commerce in an official conversation of 1811. He says to the French Minister: —

"People in Europe suppose us to be merchants occupied exclusively with pepper and ginger. They are much deceived, and I hope we shall prove it. The immense majority of our citizens do not belong to this class, and are,

as much as your Europeans, controlled by principles of honor and dignity. I never knew what trade was; the President is as much of a stranger to it as I."

One cannot help asking himself, as he reads such words now, what the New York merchants of 1901 would say if they found in an English Blue Book that Mr. Hay was talking in this fashion to Lord Pauncefote. All the same, it was a fashion in which the Virginian Secretary of State spoke for the Virginian President. It expressed what he thought of the commerce by which the United States "whitened every sea," and which gave the United States all the power which she had in the world. It was honest commerce, too. It was the commerce of men who had what other people wanted and were willing to receive what America produces in return. It was such commerce as fulfils the requisition of the Christian law that men must bear each other's burdens.

Under our Constitution, Congress, and Congress only, can declare war against a foreign power. In this case, declaration of war had lagged in Congress under the certainty, only too evident, that there was no disposition on the part of the people to enter the new army.

In the hope, which proved vain, that a declaration of war would excite the laggard volunteers, war was declared on the 18th of June, 1812. This was twenty-four hours after Castlereagh, in London, had announced that the English Government had determined to suspend the Orders in Council. It was about these very orders that all the declamation which led to the war had gathered. With an ocean telegraph there would have been no war. "Within forty-eight hours Napoleon, about to enter Russia, issued the first bulletin of the Grand Army;" these are the words of Mr. Adams.

Major-General Henry Dearborn.
From an original etching by H. B. Hall.

New England had looked with great disgust — alas! I cannot say contempt — on the whole war enterprise. After Jefferson and the Democratic party had established themselves as the ruling party of Massachusetts, all this war business had again revolutionized that State, and Caleb Strong, the Federalist Governor, was well in the saddle. The

Commander-in-Chief of the United States army was Dearborn, a Massachusetts man; the Secretary of War was Eustis, who was another. But there was no local pride or interest in the new undertaking, and the whole tone of talk held it in ridicule, not to say scorn. So it was to the great astonishment, and I may well say satisfaction, of the Federal leaders that they found themselves making capital for the opposition to Madison from our successes of the sea, as, indeed, Madison and his friends lost favor by their successive failures on the land.

The policy of Jefferson and Madison had been to reduce the navy and to keep it at the lowest point possible. It was said on sufficiently good authority that the commanders of our four frigates took them to sea, on the outbreak of the war, as soon as they could, because they were afraid of orders from Washington which should keep them at home. But Isaac Hull, who was in command of the frigate *Constitution*, was at Annapolis, trying to ship a new crew. He had orders to go to New York in the *Constitution*, and he sailed in this duty on the 5th of July, 1812. It was in this voyage that he fell in with the English fleet of five cruisers, and that the celebrated chase took place, of

which men still tell in the forecastle. Hull came into Boston Harbor on the 26th of July, after his escape. He was afraid to come up to the navy-yard, because Bainbridge was there, who was his senior, and he had orders to take

THE CAPTURE OF THE "GUERRIÈRE" BY THE "CONSTITUTION."
From an engraving by Samuel Walker after the drawing by T. Birch.

command of the *Constitution* on her arrival. Hull, therefore, stayed in the outer harbor, supplied himself with what he needed, and in less than a week sailed again toward Newfoundland. It was on the 19th of August that he met the English frigate *Guerrière*.

The *Guerrière*, under Dacres, had been well

known on the American coast for many years in the offensive blockade which the arrogance of the English Government maintained. Now and then Dacres would stop an American merchantman, summon her crew on the deck, and pick out such English sailors as his officers found on board. There are legends which I think must have been well founded, of her coming into port sometimes. But one can hardly believe that Boston, New York, or Norfolk would welcome any such visitors. I think there is no doubt, however, that her officers knew personally the officers of the *Constitution*.

William Bainbridge.
Portrait by J. W. Darvis.

Commodore James Richard Dacres.
Engraved from the portrait by Bowyer.

It is a New England tradition, which probably has some foundation, that the *Constitution* on

this cruise was manned with what might be called a picked crew. You will hear it said by old men that she had not a man on board who could not "sail the vessel." This is undoubtedly an exaggeration, but I have no doubt that a large number of ship captains from the merchant marine, who could not go to sea because of the declaration of war, had shipped at Annapolis, or before, on board the frigate. She was of larger force than the *Guerrière*, and in less than thirty minutes of the battle that ship was left without a spar standing. What colors she had she struck, and her officers thought she was sinking. Hull took his prisoners on board and blew up the wreck. With his prisoners he arrived in Boston Sunday morning, the 30th of August.

ISAAC HULL.
From an engraving after the original portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

The whole thing was dramatic in every detail. Rodgers and Decatur, with their squadron, entered Boston within forty-eight hours empty-handed, "after more than two months of futile cruising." The newspaper which announced their arrival announced also the melancholy intelligence of the surrender of General Hull at Detroit. General Hull was a veteran of the Revolution, and was an uncle of the Isaac Hull who was the hero of the day. There was as yet no daily paper in Boston. The news was made known by real "Extras."

COMMODORE RODGERS.
Portrait by Henry Williams.

My father used to tell with gusto of the triumphant discussions in the newspaper office as to their announcement of the victory and

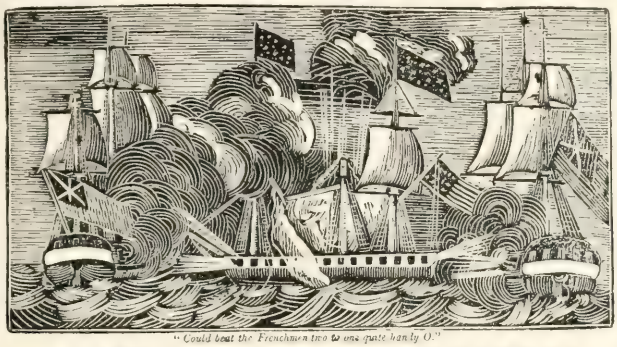
STEPHEN DECATUR.
Portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

the defeat. In the seaboard, which was crazy with excitement because of the sinking of the English frigate, it was easy to remind men that the *Constitution* had been built at their wharves, that she was manned by their seamen, that it was John Adams's foresight that had built her, and that the true policy of the Nation would have been the maintenance of a large fleet of such vessels. At the same moment it was easy to point out the folly of the administration which had pretended to invade Canada in the face of an active enemy, who had taken advantage of our want of preparation to take the aggressive with success. Here are some of the stories of the time which came to me, after a generation, with excellent authority. I print them for what they are worth because they are *ben trovato*. These anecdotes of Hull and Dacres I copy from a note-book of my own of 1894: —

"At the Authors' Guild dinner at Salem to-day the President told three stories of Hull and Dacres.

"1. He says that before the war the *Guerrière* was on our coast and that Hull entertained her officers at dinner on his ship (probably at the Charlestown navy-yard). They fell to talk of what they would do if there were war, and Hull

THE CONSTITUTION



"Could beat the Frenchmen two to one quite handy O."

AND GUERRIERE.

I OFTEN have been told
That the British seamen bold
Could beat the tars of France neat and handy O;
But they never found their match,
Till the Yankees did them catch,
For the Yankee tars for fighting are the dandy O.

O the Guerriere so bold
On the foaming ocean rolled,
Commanded by Dacres the grandee O,
For the choice of British crew
That a rammer ever drew
Could beat the Frenchmen two to one quite handy O.

When the frigate hove in view,
O said Dacres to his crew,
Prepare ye for action and be handy O,
On the weather-guage we 'll get her;
And to make his men fight better,
He gave to them gunpowder and good brandy O.

Now this boasting Briton cries,
Make that Yankee ship your prize,
You can in thirty minutes do it handy O,
Or twenty-five, I 'm sure
You 'll do it in a score,
I will give you a double share of good brandy O.

When prisoners we 've made them,
With switchell we will treat them,
We will treat them with Yankee doodle dandy O;
The British balls flew hot,
But the Yankees answered not,
Until they got a distance that was handy O

O cried Hull unto his crew,
We 'll try what we can do;
If we beat those boasting Britons we 're the dandy O.
The first broadside we poured
Brought the mizzen by the board,
Which doused the royal ensign quite handy O.

O Dacres he did sigh,
And to his officers did cry,
I did not think these Yankees were so handy O.
The second told so well
That the fore and mainmast fell,
Which made this lofty frigate look quite handy O.

O says Dacres, we 're undone,
So he fires a lee gun,
Our drummer struck up Yankee doodle dandy O;
When Dacres came on board
To deliver up his sword,
He was loth to part with it, it looked so handy O.

You may keep it, says brave Hull,
What makes you look so dull;
Cheer up and take a glass of good brandy O;
O Britons, now be still,
Since we 've hooked you in the gill,
Don't boast upon Dacres the grandee O.

A Broadside of 1812.

From an original in the possession of the author.

said that he would bring them all into some American port. Dacres offered to bet one hundred guineas. Hull said no, but he would bet a hat.

"When the *Guerrière* was taken, and Dacres gave up his sword on the quarter-deck, Hull returned it to him, but said, 'But I will thank you for the hat.'

"2. After the war Hull and his wife were at Gibraltar, and Admiral Dacres received them with great courtesy. On his own ship he showed Mrs. Hull his own Bible which his mother had given him. He said that when the *Guerrière* was burned, Hull asked him what he wanted him to send for specially, and Dacres asked that the Bible in his cabin might be saved. It was sent for, and this was the book.

"Hull and Dacres were in Rome together, and the boys in the street used to call them light and shadow, Hull being short and stocky and Dacres tall and thin.

"Mr. James Hale, writing in 1880, says: 'I remember seeing Commodore Hull march up State Street with Captain Dacres having his arm, after the capture of the *Guerrière* by the *Constitution*. And, in company with many others, saw, from one of the islands in the

harbor, the fight between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*. Two days before I saw poor Lawrence in State Street."

Some of such anecdotes, perhaps all, must be true. There was more than one ballad printed and sung. One which is said to have been written by James Campbell, a sailor on the *Constitution*, begins with the words: —

"Come all ye Yankee heroes, come listen to my song,
I'll tell you of a bloody fight before that it be long,
It was of the *Constitution*, from Boston she set sail,
To cruise along the coast, my boys, our rights for to maintain.

"So come rouze ye, Yankee tars, let it never be said,
That the sons of America should ever be afraid."

But the song which has lingered in memory, and is to this hour sung among seamen, is the ballad which we show in facsimile on another page.

A great public dinner was given to Isaac Hull by the town of Boston, and he was asked to sit for his picture to Gilbert Stuart, the celebrated artist. The portrait is in Faneuil Hall to this day.[1] Everybody is dead now, so that I will make

[1] Or affects to be. The real Stuarts were removed from Faneuil Hall a few years ago, to escape the danger of fire, and may now be seen in the Museum of Fine Arts. The copies in their places are so good that no visitor need regret the change.

bold to tell one of the anecdotes of the picture. Stuart was himself a great braggart, and he was entertaining Hull with anecdotes of his English success, stories of the Marquis of this and the Baroness of that, which showed how elegant was the society to which he had been accustomed in England. Unfortunately, in the midst of this grandeur, Mrs. Stuart, who did not know that there was a sitter, came in with her apron on and her head tied up with some handkerchief, from the kitchen, and cried out, "Did you mean to have that leg of mutton boiled or roasted?" To which Stuart replied, with presence of mind to be recommended to all husbands, "Ask your mistress."

It was at the beginning of June, in 1813, the next year, that the exultation which had welcomed Hull and the *Constitution* received a heavy check in the battle fought off Boston Harbor, in which the ill-fated and unlucky *Chesapeake* surrendered to the English ship *Shannon*. Old people still tell you how on that Tuesday, the first day of June, men and women went to the high lookouts and hill-tops of Boston that they might see the *Chesapeake* bring in the *Shannon* for a prize. Our ship had been lying in "President's Roads," in plain sight of the

wharves of Boston. According to Mr. Henry Adams's interesting and intelligible account, the *Chesapeake* could have fired only fifty-two shot. "She had been a beaten ship from the moment when she was taken aback after the loss of her forward sails." She was really captured by boarding in a tragical fight, in which, on her crowded deck, her crew had no officers, and in which all the English officers were killed or wounded. Of the fifty Englishmen who passed to the deck of the *Chesapeake* from the deck of the *Shannon*, no less than thirty-seven were killed or wounded. Mr. Adams supposes that Lawrence, the commander of the *Chesapeake*, who was himself killed, had been satisfied of his "easy superiority in the battle" by his successes in the *Hornet*.

JAMES LAWRENCE.
Portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

From an interesting letter from Mr. Buck I am able to copy a passage which shows the impression made at the time on a competent observer who saw the crews of both the frigates.

"From Captain Butler I learned that his vessel had been captured by the *Shannon* in 1813. He was kept with the vessel a few days and then requested to bear a challenge from the commander of the British ship to Commander Lawrence of the *Chesapeake*, then lying in Boston Harbor. He was promised his freedom, with that of all belonging to his vessel, on condition of bearing said challenge. The offer was readily accepted. While a captive he had been a careful observer. The crew of the *Shannon* appeared to him to be a picked crew, very thoroughly drilled. As he took the challenge to Lawrence the crew of the *Chesapeake* seemed to him in a demoralized condition. They had been in port just long enough, with perhaps special license to become thus. He felt quite sure what the results would be if the challenge was accepted. The results were as he expected."

Lawrence died before the ships reached Halifax, and his first lieutenant also died. Lawrence's dying words, "Don't give up the ship," have become a proverb in the Nation.

To those of us who grew up in Boston, a queer reminiscence of this defeat turned up more than a generation after, when Tom Hughes's "School Life in Rugby" was printed. For it

was interesting to know that, while American boys were singing, "Bold Dacres came on board to deliver up his sword," English schoolboys were singing about the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*. It seems that Tom Hughes was at Rugby with a boy named Brooke, who was or was not a nephew of the captain of the *Shannon*. Here is Tom Brown's amusing account of the credit given to the English ballad by boys in the different forms at Rugby: —

"Then followed other vociferous songs in rapid succession, including the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*, a song lately introduced in honor of old Brooke; and when they come to the words,

"'Brave Broke he waved his sword, crying, Now, my lads, aboard,
And we'll stop their playing Yankee-doodle-dandy oh!'

you expect the roof to come down. The sixth and fifth know that 'brave Broke' of the *Shannon* was no sort of relation to our old Brooke. The fourth form are uncertain in their belief, but for the most part hold that old Brooke *was* a midshipman then on board his uncle's ship. And the lower school never doubt for a moment that it was our old Brooke who led the boarders, in what capacity they care not a straw."

Here is the whole ballad.[1] It is evidently written by some one who had seen the *Constitution* and *Guerrière* ballad: —

"The *Chesapeake* so bold
Out of Boston, I've been told,
Came to take a British Frigate
Neat and handy O!
While the people of the port
Flocked out to see the sport,
With their music playing
Yankee Doodle Dandy O!

"Now the British Frigate's name
Which for the purpose came
Of cooling Yankee courage
Neat and handy, O!
Was the *Shannon* Captain Broke,
Whose crew were heart of oak,
And for fighting were confessed
To be the dandy, O!

"The engagement scarce begun
Ere they flinched from their guns,
Which at first they thought of working
Neat and handy, O!
The bold Broke he waved his sword,
Crying, 'Now, my lads, on board,
And we'll stop their playing
Yankee Doodle Dandy, O!'

[1] Mr. Whitney enables me to reprint this ballad.

"They no sooner heard the word
Than they quickly rushed aboard
And hauled down the Yankee ensign
Neat and handy, O!
Notwithstanding all their brag,
Now the glorious British flag
At the Yankee's mizzen-peak
Was quite the dandy, O!

"Successful Broke to you,
And your officers and crew,
Who on board the *Shannon* frigate
Fought so handy, O!
And may it ever prove
That in fighting as in love
The true British tar is the dandy, O!"

Here are the kindred verses from another *Chesapeake* and *Shannon* song: —

"Silent as death the foe drew nigh,
While lock'd in hostile close embrace,
Brave Broke, with British seaman's eye,
The signs of terror soon could trace.
He exclaim'd while his looks did his ardor bespeak,
Brave boys they all flinch from their Cannon!
Board, board, my brave messmates, the proud *Chesapeake*,
Shall soon be a prize to the *Shannon*.

"Swiftly flew the words; Britannia's sons
Spread death and terror where'er they came,
The trembling foe forsook their guns,
And call'd aloud in mercy's name.

Brave Broke led the way, but fell wounded and weak,
Yet exclaim'd — They have fled from their Cannon!
Three cheers, my brave seamen, the proud *Chesapeake*,
Has lowered a flag to the *Shannon!*

"The day was won, but Lawrence fell,
He closed his eyes in endless night,
And oft Columbia's sons will tell
Of hopes all blighted in that fight.
But brave Captain Broke, though wounded and weak,
He survives to again ply his cannon,
And his name from the shores of the wide Chesapeake,
Shall resound to the banks of the Shannon."

Chesapeake has been such a wretched name in our naval annals that I have been surprised that our naval people care or dare to retain it. The grand people may think there is no such thing as luck, but sailors think there is. If I had my way, we should preserve more of the historical naval names, like *Ranger*, *Protector*, *Tyrannicide*, *Bon Homme Richard*, and *Serapis*. You could say "Poor Richard," if you wanted to put it in English.

The account of Broke's victory given in the Georgian *Era* is in these words: "Toward the close of the battle, Broke leaped on board the enemy's ship, and having saved the life of an American seaman, who called for quarter, received the stroke of a cutlass on the back of the

head from the wretch whom he had spared. This wound had nearly proved fatal, and from its effects he never afterward recovered. His assailant was immediately cut in pieces by the sailors on the *Shannon*, and the *Chesapeake* became a prize to the English. The action, which only occupied fifteen minutes, was one of the most bloody and determined ever fought between two ships of their class in so short a time."

Captain Sir P. V. Broke.
From an engraving by
W. Greatbatch.

For this achievement Broke received a gold medal, as well as the formal thanks of the lords of the admiralty, besides a sword of the value of one hundred guineas. The people of Suffolk subscribed more than seven hundred pounds for a piece of plate, and an Ipswich Club gave him a cup of the value of one hundred guineas. On the 2d of November he was made a baronet. The *Shannon* was condemned unfit for further service. Broke's name was Philip Bowes Vere Broke.

It is said that the *Chesapeake* never went to

sea under an English commander; that no man liked to walk the deck which had been stained by his companions' blood. The English Government maintained the name *Shannon* until two or three years ago, when the armored cruiser *Shannon* was lost. In our War of the Rebellion there was a Southern cruiser named the *Chesapeake*.

Mr. James E. Whitney, Jr., is kind enough to send me the following note which gives the history of the poor *Chesapeake*: —

"The *Chesapeake* was sold in 1820 to Mr. Holmes of Portsmouth, England, who broke her up and sold the timbers which were of pitch pine, quite new and sound, for building purposes. Much was used in houses built in Portsmouth, but a larger part was bought by John Pierce, a miller of Wickham in Hampshire, who used it in constructing a new mill. The deck timbers were thirty-two feet long and eighteen inches square, and were placed, unaltered, horizontally, in the mill. The purlins of the deck were about twelve feet long, and served without alteration for joists. In 1864 the mill — a flour mill — was owned by a man named Goderick. Wickham is nine miles from Portsmouth."

Old-fashioned people will remember how angry

our fathers were because the English newspapers spoke of the *Constitution* and our other frigates as "pine built frigates." This gives interest to the statement that some of the *Chesapeake* timbers were of pine. It seems to me that an old joke applies here, that it made no difference what Jove's thunderbolts were made of if they proved to be thunderbolts.

Some recent inquiry satisfies me that no American officer surrendered the *Chesapeake* in form. The ballad is quite correct which says of the boarders, "They hauled down the Yankee ensign."

JAMES MONROE

CHAPTER V

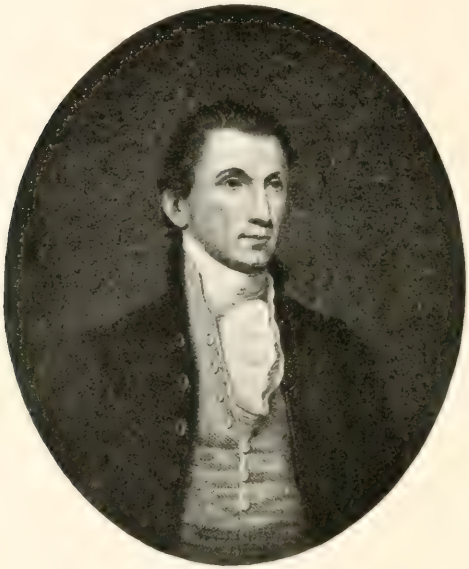
JAMES MONROE

WHEN Dean Stanley visited America a few years before his death, one of the queer, pregnant questions which he put to a gentleman who was welcoming him was, "What was the end of the Federal party?"

"As if I knew what was the end of the Federal party!" said his host to me, afterward, when he was describing the interview. And that ejaculation is a fair enough illustration of the curious difficulty which haunts almost all the political writers and historians. As I have said twenty times in these papers, people who are trained to read histories and to write them cannot rid themselves of the old superstitions which imply that the State of New York to-day is governed by Albany, that the State of Ohio is governed by the city of Columbus, or that the United States is governed from Washington.

I ought not to say all people on the Continent of Europe. For Mr. James Bryce, who does

understand these things, says somewhere that when he wrote there was a schoolmaster in Switzerland who understood the relation of our State Government with the National Govern-



JAMES MONROE.
From the portrait by Vanderlyn.

ment. But I never met this gentleman nor his writing.

It is vastly easier to follow along eight years of Washington life in James Monroe's administration, and to call that the "history of America," than it is to read and to write the

endless narrative of what really happened in America between 1817 and 1825. The truth is, as I try to say in every chapter, if anybody could be made to believe it, that the people of America govern America. The various administrations run by the side of the chariot, they make a good deal of dust as they run, and the equerries and the escort sometimes think that they are the rulers. All people on the Continent of Europe think that such persons are the rulers, while in truth the people in a thousand organizations, or without any organization, are carrying the country forward in their own way. Yet you may read many a "History of America" written in America which does not say one word of the affairs of any State, of forty-five "Sovereign States."

The dynasty of Mr. Madison was broken in upon by the war with England. The war was none of his making, it was no part of his plan, but he could not help himself and it came. Fortunately for him and fortunately for the country, it was a short war. It was a war in which the people, shut up at home as they would have been had the Atlantic Ocean been an ocean of fire, were developing natural resources which are so enormous that to this day we are only

scratching at the surface of our treasure. With the peace the Federal party died by a natural death. It had nothing to do. It was pledged to a strong central government. And now Jefferson and Madison had assumed powers which the old Federalist leaders had never dared to ask for. It had opposed the war with England, and peace with England had come. No man in America was fool enough to take up the broken fortunes of poor Napoleon, before whom everybody in the administration had been kneeling only two years before. And the Federalist leaders were paying as they deserved for any distrust they had ever felt of the People. The People was taking care of itself and was directing its own future quite unmindful of the intrigues or blunders or the successes at Washington.

Who should be the President to follow poor Mr. Madison? Why, Mr. Monroe was Secretary of State: let him be President. It is clear enough that nobody cared much. Certainly nobody was afraid of undue abilities in a man who had never shown any ability so far. And it is fair to say that James Monroe drifted into the Presidency, drifted through office, and drifted out of the Presidency, while his great master,

the American People, was carrying forward its own enterprises and doing its own business.

One remembers, of course, whose name is given to the Monroe Doctrine. One remembers that in his dynasty we purchased Florida. In a separate chapter I will try to trace some of the more curious lines of the development of emigration to the West, about which even then the self-styled leaders seem to have been curiously doubtful. The President, as soon as he was President, the same man who "never was in trade and knew nothing about it," arrayed himself to see the commercial States, and even to cross to the new-born West and show himself to the people who were creating a nation there. In my boyhood, this journey of his, which began on the 31st day of May, 1817, and did not end until October of the same year, was called "The President's Progress." Washington's similar journey in 1791 was always called "Washington's Progress." There is a little touch of burlesque when one reads that President Monroe arrayed himself in the old buff and blue of the Revolution with an old-fashioned three-cornered soldier's hat. There is just a touch of absurdity about this, because his military exploits were, of

his whole life, the enterprises which his friends would have most gladly forgotten.[1]

There is a good Harvard tradition which I may put in print without hurting anybody. At a meeting of the little college faculty in the year 1817, it was announced that *Blank*, a spirited senior, must be "suspended." I suppose his marks were not high enough, or his attendance at chapel had been irregular. Dear, courteous, kindly Dr. Kirkland, who was the President, was supposed to be dozing in his chair as the march of college government went forward; but at this proposal to suspend Blank he roused to life and activity. "Send away Blank, when Mr. Monroe is coming? Who will command my Harvard

[1] Burr hated Monroe from the time when he served with him in the Revolution. Burr says of his military career, in a letter of 1815, that Monroe "never commanded a platoon nor was ever fit to command one. He served in the Revolutionary war, that is, he acted a short time as aide de camp to Lord Sterling who was regularly

* * * * * * * *

Monroe's whole duty was to fill his Lordship's tankard, and to hear with indications of admiration his Lordship's long stories about himself. Such is Monroe's military experience. I was with my regiment in the same division at the time. As a lawyer, Monroe was far below mediocrity. He never rose to the honour of trying a cause of the value of one hundred pounds."

This is a character exactly suited to the views of the Virginia junto.

Washington Corps when the President visits the College?" The Harvard Washington Corps was the military establishment of the college boys at that time. Dr. Kirkland could put his foot down when he chose. And so it chanced that Blank was retained in college and that the Harvard Washington Corps, which he commanded, presented arms at the proper time and in the proper way to the President of the United States. And so it happened that, fifty years after, Harvard University received a very important and very expensive new building from an alumnus who on that day commanded the Harvard Washington Corps.

If I could get history written as I should like to have it written, there would be a nice bronze put up in the doorway of that spacious hall, which would tell this story for the next hundred years. I observe that men spell the name with one more letter than they used in 1817.

There is yet in the ink-bottle a good historical essay, not yet written, on students who have been exiled from college and those who have not. Fenimore Cooper, for instance, is not in the catalogue of Yale University, although he was a student there.

THE ERA OF GOOD FEELING

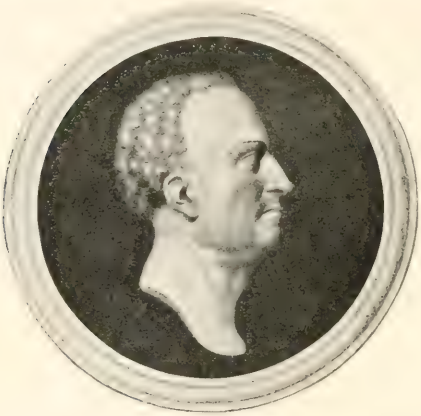
This is the old-fashioned phrase, now generally forgotten, which was introduced by some bright person in Monroe's time.

The real English of the matter, as I understand it, is that the principle of "two terms" had been well introduced, and was considered as rather a matter of course. The Virginians were in the saddle; they had been in the saddle since the beginning; they had not much else to do than to administer the general government; and, which is the most important point of all, there was not much general government to administer. There is a certain humor in what Burr said of the Virginia junto in 1815: "To this junto you have twice sacrificed yourself and what have you got by it? Their hatred and abhorrence. Did you ever know them to countenance a man of talents and independence? Never nor ever will!"

That is to say that the Nation as a Nation was still hardly conscious of its own existence. The States' Rights doctrine was still the favorite doctrine of a great many theorists, who believed, as most people do believe, that all the world of any importance is within ten miles of their own

meeting-house. And this theory of government lingered among the men who cared for government. But they were not many in proportion. The country was advancing, with the energy and dignity which I have tried to describe, on its own business. The New Englanders were weaving cotton and woollen by the power of their own waterfalls. Nobody seems to understand it to this day, but men really do like better to have the rain from heaven drive their looms and wheels than to have their wives work a treadle or make a wheel go round by a crank. The Virginians were selling their slaves to the Southwest at a very high price, and the people of the South and West were selling their cotton and wool at very high prices. People were beginning to find out that there was a West, and such men as De Witt Clinton and others were insisting upon it that there should be highways to the West. What was there for the "General Government" to do? It could fuss and fiddle about treaties which should permit our breadstuffs to go into the West India Islands. It could fuss and fiddle about some claims we had on the Governments of France and Spain for some ships which had been destroyed some years before; but really there was very little

National business, as we understand National business to-day. People suffered from a bad currency; but they did not understand what advantage they would gain from a currency like ours to-day, in which a bill on an Arkansas bank is as good as a bill issued in the city of New York. Indeed, for one reason or another, the Nation did not assert itself much in the management of the currency. The people at Washington could not make up their minds whether they did or did not want to help in the business of highways across the Alleghany Mountains.



Governor De Witt Clinton.
Engraved from the bust by A. B. Durand.

There came about some rather curious illustrations of this comparative insignificance of the National Government, which are perhaps worth jotting down. When the yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia, as early as 1797, all the officers of Government retired from that city.

John Adams lived in Braintree, Mass.,[1] for much of that time, and had his mail brought to him once or twice a week from Philadelphia; and there are queer letters in the foreign correspondence which say, almost in so many words, that the business of the Government is suspended until the yellow fever shall be cured.

It is rather interesting to say that Adams himself said when it began, "I have no apprehension of danger." But he added, "the members of Congress will be more exposed than I shall be, and I hold myself intrusted with the care of their health — a precious deposit which I will preserve according to the best of my judgement with perfect integrity and with more caution than I would take for my own." This is in a letter to Wolcott of October, 1797.

Mr. Henry Adams cites Joseph Hopkinson to say, in 1814, "The general Government would have dissolved into its original elements, its powers would have returned to the States from which they were derived." If the English Government had not been absolutely determined on peace, if they had not crowded it down the throats of the American envoys, Mr. Madison would have gone home from Washington to his own house, and

[1] His part of the town is now called Quincy.

the different Ministers of War and the Navy would have gone to theirs, and the National Government would have stopped.

Under such circumstances, when the year 1820 came round, there was no great clamor for a change of administration. James Monroe had done no harm, if he had done no good; he was as good a cipher as anybody else was; and there was absolutely no organized opposition of any great importance to his election. When the time of the election came, and the electors gave their votes, it proved that he had all the electoral votes but one. This was the vote given by the sturdy old New Hampshire man whose name still exists in honor in another generation, — William Plumer. He said, when the electoral college met in New Hampshire, that there never had been but one President who had received a unanimous vote, and that he was not going to have another so chosen by his act, and he threw his vote, therefore, for John Quincy Adams.

It was before this period, July 10, 1817, after Mr. Monroe had been in office three months, that a writer in the *Columbia Centinel* in Boston spoke of his election to the presidency as marking an "era of good feeling." It was not a bad name, and it lingered in a fashion for a genera-

tion among the people who had nothing better to do than to talk politics. In fact, the real interest of the country did not turn, as I have tried to show, on the accidents of the presidential election. It would, however, be to the last degree absurd to suppose that because nothing "happened" in the line of political events which the Dryasdusts like to write down, nothing "transpired" in the eight years of Monroe's dynasty. The country began to gird itself up to the business of what was called internal improvement, which meant the creation of better roads and of canals, which developed into the railroad system of to-day. The people who call themselves the historians do not care to write of such things; but in truth the opening of a great canal has much more to do with the progress of the world than most of the battles which have been fought on the sea or on the land. More gunpowder is used in peace than in war. War so far arrests the advance of the world in the civilized arts that, though it uses in the killing of men such a quantity of gunpowder, it does not use so much as would have been used had the world been working together about its business.

DISTANCE THEN AND DISTANCE NOW

This will be the best place to say that almost all the readers of this generation read the history of the first fifty years of the Nation without any fit apprehension of what were practically the distances in those days. It seems impossible to make such readers understand how far apart the States were from each other, and how little people knew each other. Steamboats made the beginning of a change. Railroads carried it farther. And since the railroads came in, the telegraph and the telephone have done the rest.

But even in 1814, seven years after the *Clermont* made her voyage up the Hudson, Gallatin and Clay at Ghent considered what men called the Northwest Territory as of little or no value. Yet it was the territory north of our Illinois, west of Lake Michigan. "You will have nothing to do but to take care of the Indians there." Until the first steamboat was launched upon the Ohio in 1811, the members of Congress from Kentucky would probably go to Washington by way of New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico.[1] As late as 1827 when Dr. Holley, an eminent

[1] See page 319, Chap. VII, Internal Improvement.

Boston preacher, was returning to Boston from Lexington, Kentucky, he was coming by this route when he died at sea.

I think that George Washington, if in writing he had said "my country" in any of the last years of his life, would have meant Virginia. If he had used these words in speaking of the Nation, he would have been careful to say that such was his intention. From this physical separation of States and cities, it grew up as a matter of course that the people at large knew little or perhaps knew nothing of the leading characters in distant States. People had to vote as they were directed by the handful of men who knew the political public characters at Washington.

It was, then, perfectly natural that the members of Congress should take upon themselves the duty which in the arrangements of to-day devolve on the great quadrennial conventions of the great political parties. And up to the election of Harrison in the autumn of 1840, they exercised a great deal of power in such matters. But even at that time the railroads and the steamboats had begun to make great conventions possible. In the exciting political canvass which swept old Tippecanoe into place, many

great conventions were held. A convention of young men, as it was called, from all parts of the Nation was held in Baltimore. On this occasion, one of the delegates was killed, I think, by some accident. It was agreed in the convention that every delegate should pay one dollar to a fund for his widow. It was thought that this would give to her twenty thousand dollars. And I know that, in fact, the Massachusetts delegates paid one thousand dollars into this fund. The occasion was the first test of the resources of the railroads in carrying large numbers of people on special occasions.

As early as May 21, 1832, a Democratic convention called nominally for the Democratic party had met in Baltimore. I think this was the first National convention. It was taken for granted that General Jackson would be chosen a second time. This first Baltimore convention named Mr. Van Buren as Vice-President. Two hundred and eighty-three persons voted.

If the system of the choice of President by electors had not now gone hopelessly to pieces, we should avail ourselves of the railroad system by making the electors take the responsibility which in theory the Constitution imposes upon them. As it stands, each party elects, or affects

to elect, its members for National nominating conventions; but these conventions are not known to the Constitution, and hardly known to the law. Still, the irresponsible delegates chosen by them really elect the President and Vice-President, or try to.

It would be better in theory, according to me, if each party made in each State the best canvass it could for its "favorite son," without any National convention. Then when the election came, the voters of each party would express the wish of their State, and would choose its proportion of electors. Then you could have the electoral college really meet at some central city. They could ballot as often as they liked, meeting in one caucus, or two or three, till all men should know which of the different candidates had the largest support among the people. But this system could not grow up in the beginning, because there were no railroads, and practically it cannot grow up now.

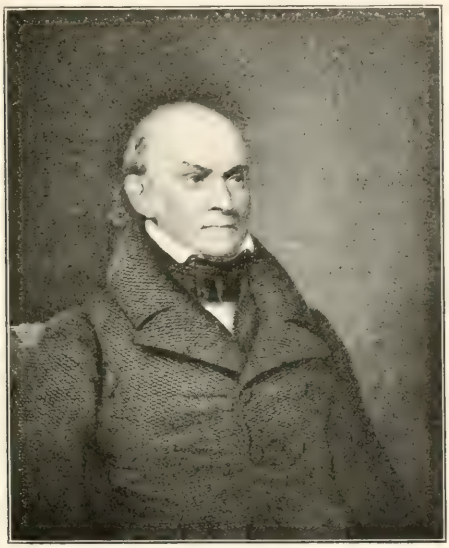
THE MISSOURI QUESTION

When you count thirty-two years from 1787, you come out to 1819. A generation of men has passed, and you have to do your work over again. By a struggle such as Congress had

never known before, in which the North and South were divided against each other, what was called Mr. Clay's Compromise of 1820 prevailed after a year. Under that compromise, with always increasing difficulties, the Nation worked along for another generation, and then in 1853, in another generation, if you please, a few reckless men, blindly confident in their own success, undertook to disown the measure of 1820, and tried to force slavery on the regions which had been exempt by Mr. Clay's plan; and the dragon was waked up again. This time his head was cut off, and in that particular form the question was settled forever, after thirty-three more years.

Of Mr. Monroe's so-called administration, and the interior politics of what is called the Cabinet, we have the most edifying and interesting account in what is printed of the journal of John Quincy Adams. Mr. Monroe recalled Adams from England in 1816 and made him Secretary of State. Now, the unwritten theory had held since Jefferson came in that the Secretary of State was a good available candidate for the Presidency. Jefferson himself had been Secretary of State, Madison had been Secretary of State, and Monroe had been Secretary of State.

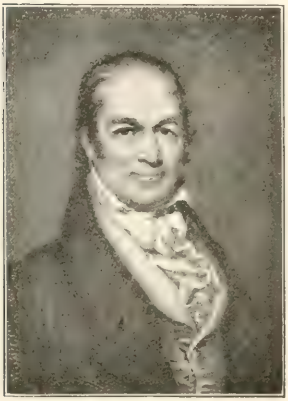
Naturally enough, the impression had been wrought into people's minds that the Secretary of State would succeed the President, other things being equal. I suppose Mr. Adams thought so. But if he did think so he reckoned



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.
After an engraving from the portrait by A. B. Durand.

without his host, for the Virginians and people who believed in politics as a trade had no such intentions. The business of the country, so far as it came into the Cabinet or these discussions, seems to have been quite secondary to the intrigues of Mr. Adams's friends, and Mr. Cal-

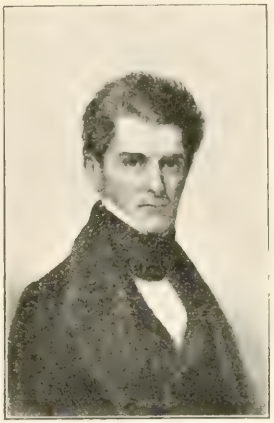
houn's friends, and Mr. Wirt's friends, and Mr. Crawford's friends, as to the succession. To us at this time what is most curious in the very interesting volumes of Mr. Adams's Journal which have been published is to see how little, on the whole, any of them esteemed the importance of the slavery question. Mr. Crawford withdrew from public life on account of ill health. Mr. Adams and Mr. Calhoun lived to see that all things beside were not so important as this question which involved eternal principles. But of the history of the anti-slavery movement it will be more convenient to speak in another place.



William Harris Crawford. Engraved by S. H. Gimber from a painting by J. W. Darvis.

While I speak of Mr. Monroe himself as a person comparatively insignificant, I do not, of course, mean that those eight years from 1817 to 1825 were in any sort insignificant. It is in these years that the curtain rises for those who study the great drama of the century. The

drama begins with the gray dawn, half twilight, through which you dimly see a vague, distant prospect. The hero of the drama, the stripling nation, comes forward alone, doubtful and even timid. The world is out of joint, and can he set it right? The curtain falls, at the end of the century, really on the first part of a trilogy. The stripling boy, loose-jointed, ignorant, and doubtful, appears then as the strong man, borrowing omnipotence for the duties God trusts to him, and still wondering what those duties are.



JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN. From a miniature by Blanchard.

One of the great questions which the young stripling must decide is the question of freedom or slavery in the region west of the Mississippi. The battle royal comes on which was timidly pushed off in 1787, and which has been dreaded for thirty years, — a generation of men. It is not often that great questions are settled once for all; generation after generation comes up to a new round in the battle. And so it was now.

The Constitution had in its way settled this question by what are called the "Compromises" of the Constitution. But after thirty-two years, with another generation of men on the stage, it insisted, as I have said, on being settled again. It returned under the title of the "Missouri Controversy."

In the admission of the Gulf States of Alabama and Mississippi, they followed the law or custom of Georgia, to which, in some fashion, their territory had belonged. With the admission of Kentucky and Tennessee, in the same way, it had been taken for granted, almost, that they would be slave States because they were settled from Virginia and North Carolina. On the other hand, for the States north of the Ohio, the admirable forecast of the "Northwest Ordinance," 1787, so called, had forever exempted them from the institution of slavery. With more or less questioning as to the permanency of the provision of "the Ordinance," as we still call it, Indiana was admitted to the Union in 1816, and Illinois in 1818. So far, so good. After serious controversy, all the States east of the Mississippi River, and the State of Louisiana, made out of the French population at the mouth of the river, took their status in advance regard-

ing the institution of slavery. It was not until one State west of the Mississippi, made from the Louisiana Purchase, was ready for admission that the question as to its future status in this matter could come to a critical contest. That State, as it proved, was Missouri.

In 1803 and 1804, when we had just bought Louisiana from Napoleon, it was taken for granted that we should not send emigrants across the river for a hundred years. That was Livingston's opinion, as it has been cited already in these pages.[1] One must not wonder, therefore, that little or nothing was said, even in the bitter debates on the Louisiana Purchase, as to the existence of slavery in territory so far away, and so sure to remain in barbarism. But there was already a French post at St. Louis, and one or two garrisons farther down the river, on its western shore. As fifteen years went on, this post at St. Louis became more and more populous. It was the dépot of the fur trade of the West. Without questions on any part, its people followed the habit of the original settlers, and bought negroes for slaves where they chose and where they could. In 1820 there were not five thousand inhabitants in St. Louis. Around

[1] See p. 33.

it, however, the natural resources of the country had called in settlers in large numbers, and a population of sixty-six thousand people, of whom ten thousand were slaves, had already collected itself in this region, where Livingston had told Europe, seventeen years before, that we should not send an emigrant. Those of these new settlers who were white and who owned slaves had taken them there without scruple, perhaps without hesitation. In their application to be made a State, they took it for granted, or affected to, that their right to their slaves would be recognized.

It was at this point that the contest came. The whole institution of slavery was on a different basis from what it had been when Jefferson came to the Presidency. At that time he and Madison and the leaders of Virginia were discussing, in an academical way, the best methods of bringing the wasteful system of slave labor to an end. At the same time, the exclusion, in the year 1808, of African slaves by a Constitutional prohibition gave an artificial value in money to the negroes born from slaves already existing in the country. I suppose that if, in 1803, a vigorous effort had been made to exclude slavery from the territory bought from

Napoleon, such a measure would have had the assent of the States of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia. But as early as 1819 it was quite impossible to secure any such assent. Southern men were beginning to look at slavery in a much more favorable light than that in which the wisest of their fathers generally regarded it. And so it was that the proposal that the State of Missouri should exclude slavery for the future failed to receive the assent of any Southern State.

So soon as the bill for the admission of Missouri was introduced into the House, it was amended so as to prohibit the introduction of slavery, and to declare free, at the age of twenty-one, all negro children who had been born in the Territory. This amendment passed the House.

But, as we all know, it is easier to legislate for the future than for the past. In hard fact, there were already ten thousand negro slaves in Missouri. There were fifty thousand whites. To take care of the future of people yet unborn would be one thing. To change the status of every black person who should come to the age of twenty-one was quite another. This for matter of detail. Then, as a matter of prin-

ciple, it is easy to see that the Southern leaders did not mean to cut off the right of emigration from Eastern States to Western territory with the slaves who were their property. And when the bill, as amended, went to the Senate, it was rejected by a vote of twenty-two to sixteen. The bill went back to the House, and failed by the disagreement of the House.

The subject was brought up again at the next session. The North was at a disadvantage, for here were already ten thousand slaves in the new State. The debates would seem to show that the whole question of "State Rights" was more considered than the abstract question of the right or wrong of holding men as slaves. Even Calhoun granted that Congress could prohibit slavery in the Territories; but on "State Rights" ground he insisted that no act of admission passed by Congress could limit the power of a State after it had changed from a Territory to a State.

The second time there came a deadlock between the Senate and the House. The Senate, as before, amended the bill by striking out the anti-slavery proviso. The House, as before, disagreed to the Senate amendment.

To obtain some "method of living," a Senator

from the Northwest proposed a new section to the bill. This was what we know as the "Missouri Compromise." For this one time a slave State was to be received north of the line of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes, the southern line of Missouri, and with the proviso that the same should not be allowed again. This proposal, which passed the Senate, was once rejected by the House; but, under the influence of Mr. Clay, who was Speaker of the House, it finally obtained just enough votes for its passage. Missouri was admitted on the 10th of August, 1821, with a constitution authorizing slavery on condition that no other slave States should be admitted north of the southern line of Missouri. At that time there were twenty-two States. Eleven were free and eleven slave. The vote in the Senate, therefore, was equally divided between North and South. But the greater population of the Northern States gave

HENRY CLAY AS A YOUNG MAN.

that section a majority of twenty-five in the House. The amended bill, when it first came from the Senate, was rejected in the House by a vote of 159 to 18. But after a vote of the Committee on Conference, every Southern Representative voted in the affirmative; and the votes of fourteen Northern States were obtained for the "Compromise" with great difficulty, and for many varied reasons, different, perhaps, with every vote from those given for every other.

The contract thus made between the North and South was an agreement, broken in 1854, when the Southern leaders, really crazy with their success, proposed to repeal the anti-slavery provision in establishing the Territory, as it was called, of Nebraska, west of the State of Missouri.

At the moment when the "Compromise" passed Congress the feeling of the North touching anti-slavery matters for the future had been more distinctly announced than it had ever been before. In December, 1819, there was a great popular meeting held in the Doric Hall of the State House in Massachusetts, under the lead of Daniel Webster, who made a strong speech insisting upon the duty of the North to reject all proposals which could enslave the States made west of the Mississippi.

The substance of that speech is in the address which that meeting sent out to the people of Massachusetts. And it is one of the infamous suppressions of history that in George Ticknor Curtis's life of Mr. Webster all allusion to this address is omitted, — undoubtedly intentionally omitted.

What was called the "Compromise" did not for a moment suppress the feeling of protest. I have heard it said, and believe it to be true, that hardly one of the fourteen Northern men whose votes were given for it was ever returned to Congress. I know that the two or three New England men who voted for it came home to find themselves very coldly treated by their constituents. All the same, however, Missouri was admitted into the United States, the more readily because of the district of Maine. This had always been a part of Massachusetts, had been already admitted on the 15th of March, 1820. This gave the North two more senators and was scored as so far a Northern victory. The men who wanted to push the slavery question off could say and did say that Missouri and Maine were, so to speak, paired against each other. So much precedent was there given to a sort of general understanding that if you admitted a

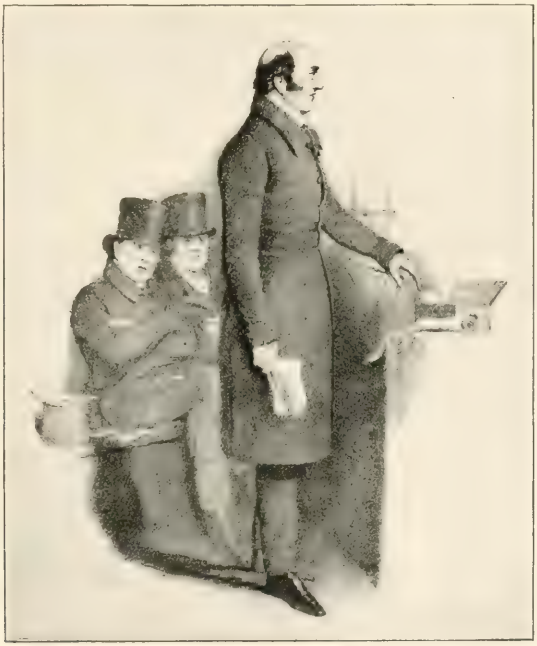
Northern State, you must admit a Southern State. And people would tell you that Michigan and Iowa were paired against Florida and Arkansas. This did not mean that in either case two States were admitted by the same bill; but it meant that the opposition to the admission of Southern States was to a certain extent lulled because equal strength was added or could be added on the Northern side.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

James Monroe now lives in history because, fortunately for him, his name is attached to the Monroe Doctrine. In 1823 George Canning made the suggestion of something of the same sort to Mr. Rush, who was our Minister in London.

I think that the earliest memorandum on paper of the project is in John Quincy Adams's letter to Mr. Rush of the 2d of July, 1823. "A necessary consequence [of the independence of the South American States] will be that the American Continent will be no longer subject to colonization." Canning's conversation with Mr. Rush took place in the next month. He proposes a joint declaration of England and the United States that they would not view with

indifference any foreign intervention in America. That conversation, when reported at Washington, called the attention of the President to the



GEORGE CANNING.

From a sketch made in the House of Commons, March, 1826.

matter, and Monroe asked the opinion of Madison and Jefferson, who were both retired from office. Jefferson in reply said squarely, "Our second maxim should be, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs." Mr.

Madison, referring to some threats on the part of the Holy Alliance, said that "they call for our efforts to defeat the meditated crusade." The President's message is dated the 2d of December in that year. It contains the celebrated passage, "We owe it to candor . . . to declare that we should consider any attempt on the part of the allied powers to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." So far the "Holy Alliance" is alluded to. And this statement goes no farther, but the message goes on to say, "We could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing [the South American States] or controlling, in any manner, their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

The next year he says: "It is gratifying to know that some of the powers with whom we enjoy a very friendly intercourse and to whom these views have been communicated have appeared to acquiesce in them."

William Plumer in his biography says that the President told Adams that he had doubts about that part of the message of 1823 which related to the interference of the Holy Alliance

with Spanish America. He said he believed it had better be omitted, and asked him if he did not think so too. Adams replied: "You have my sentiments on the subject already, and I see no reason to alter them." "Well," said the President, "it is written, and I will not change it now." This was a day or two before Congress met.

It seems probable that John Quincy Adams drew the passage which has given Mr. Monroe, fairly enough, the honor of naming the proviso.

PERSONAL AND GENEALOGICAL

The reader of these pages will have to follow a good many memoranda in the Everett handwriting; and it will save footnotes or other explanations if once for all I account here for my own middle name of Everett. It will be enough to say that in the first generation of Massachusetts Bay, as early as Lechford's *Journal*, John Everett appears, now in Boston, now in Watertown, now in Dedham. What is odd and what nobody understands is that he is often "John Everett, alias John Webb." So Cromwell sometimes called himself Williams. The Williamses of Taunton are descended from the same Welsh family from which Cromwell descended. The

descent struggles along, always in the Everett name, through the regular eight generations, the most prominent person in it being a commander of the train-bands who was frequently on permanent duty in New Hampshire and Maine.[1] I think he was somewhere in that region at the time of Lovell's fight. From this blood there appears in South Dedham, otherwise called Tiot, now known as Norwood, Ebenezer Everett, whose house was standing there a few years ago. He had had the courage and good sense to go over to Andover and marry Joanna Stevens, of the Andover Stevens blood. Of their children, Moses Everett and Oliver Everett were sent to Harvard College. Oliver Everett graduated there in 1772.

The first time I was ever at a formal dinner-party, being a rather frightened young man of twenty, I met dear old Dr. John Pierce, who called himself in joke the Catalogarius of Harvard College. He spoke to me across the table, breaking up the other conversation to say, "Mr. Hale, your grandfather, Oliver Everett, was born in 1752, graduated in 1772, took charge of the New South Church in 1782, left that Church in 1792, died in 1802; you were born in 1822, and

[1] A good guess supposes that Everett was originally the Dutch name Evaert or Evarts.

will take your second degree in 1842." It was one of the instances, almost absurd, of the curious accuracy of his memory in any detail which related to college history. To me it has been a very convenient memorandum. It is a little hard for us to connect the statistics of our personal life with the chronology in books. I once had, as a piece of hack duty, to write the life of Wolfgang von Goethe in the same summer in which I wrote the life of my great-uncle, Nathan Hale. I confess I was a good deal surprised when I found that Goethe, whose death I remember, was born five years before Nathan Hale, who was killed by General Howe in the autumn of 1776.

Both my grandfathers were born in the last half of the eighteenth century, Enoch Hale in 1754, Oliver Everett two years earlier. For ten years he was minister of the New South Church in Boston, where he was a predecessor of Kirkland, who went from that pulpit to be President of Harvard College. His second son was Alexander Hill Everett, with whom this reader will have a good deal to do. His third son was Edward Everett, whose name I bear. His second daughter was Sarah Preston Everett, who was my mother. Oliver Everett's health failed him so far that he could not carry on the duties

of a large Boston parish. His brother Moses Everett was a minister in Dorchester, now a part of the municipality of Boston.

ALEXANDER HILL EVERETT.
From an early miniature.

I suppose this was the reason why Oliver Everett, when he retired from his ministry in Boston, bought a house, which was pulled down only a year ago, which stood on what is known as Edward Everett square in Dorchester. In this house my mother was born, on a day ever to be marked with red in the history of my own family — the 5th of September, 1796.

I was sorry enough when the supposed exigencies of modern life made it necessary to pull down this building, which really belonged to what are called the colonial days.[1] I suppose it to

[1] Purists say "provincial days" when they speak of the period after Massachusetts was a "province" until the 19th of April, 1775. But we people in the Bay, who are in fact a little provincial, do not like to be called provincial, so we speak of a "colonial" house, even of a house built in the eighteenth century, the century of "The Province."

have been built by one of the West Indian planters who used to like to come up from the islands to live for the summer in Boston or its neighborhood. Jamaica Plain is named for such people. Some of them had the wit to plant English walnuts at the Dorchester house which throve and bore fruit, as, for some reason, English walnuts do not seem to do when they are planted in New England now. My mother herself planted a honeysuckle there before the year 1806; and for the convenience of gardeners I may say that this plant was alive in the year 1895. The stem was at that time three or four inches through. In this house my grandfather died in the year 1802, when his sons were but boys, leaving my grandmother to bring up a family of eight children. Two of those children, Alexander Hill Everett and Edward Everett, lived to hold distinguished positions in the administration of the State of Massachusetts or of the Nation. John Everett, his fourth son, who came next after my mother in the family, had a very brilliant career in college, and died at the age of twenty-eight. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was in college with him, often spoke to me of his remarkable ability and promise.

In what now seems to me rather a helter-

skelter way, my mother grew up in this widow's household, her father having died when she was six years old. In after life she almost worshipped the two brothers, Alexander and Edward, who from her earliest recollections had interested themselves in her education. So little had schools to do with this education that I cannot at this moment name any of her schoolteachers. But her brother Alexander went to St. Petersburg in 1809; and in his first letter to her he proposes that this girl of thirteen shall write to him in French, and this she seems to have done.

Her brother Edward went to Germany in 1815, and either then or before she mastered the German language, and I cannot remember the time when she did not read it with ease. This is now a common accomplishment, but as late as 1830 she could not buy a German book in Boston.[1] The duties of life under rather struggling pecuniary circumstances in a village like Dorchester gave her a sort of household training such as is harder for a young woman to have in our days. As early as

[1] In 1843 I tried in Philadelphia to buy some German books for her. But I could find only Goethe, Schiller, the German Bible, and the German hymn-book.

1807 she enjoyed, as a girl would enjoy, the friendship and advice of Joseph Stevens Buckminster, who was the minister of Brattle Street Church. Thus she gained on Sundays the im-

The Everett House at Dorchester.

mense advantage of his emancipation from the mechanical religion of the preceding century. Such training as this for a girl who had thoroughly sound health and a temper of great sweetness and even balance made an all-round woman, a little of the Die Vernon type if

you please, of whom there were not many in New England in the first twenty years of the century. Such a girl twelve years of age was in the home to which Alexander Hill Everett took his Exeter friend Hale on their first vacation visit to Boston. One of the traditions of the family is that when her brother and his friend for the first time cut off the queues which had adorned their young heads until then, they gave them to her to make hair for her doll. Another similar tradition of about the same time is that when they came home from a Phi Beta dinner at Cambridge they gave her for the millinery of the baby house the pink and blue ribbons from their Phi Beta medals. But girls of twelve grow up to be women of twenty, and sometimes they marry their brothers' nearest friends. My mother married one dear friend of one dear brother the day she was twenty years old, which, as I have already said, is a day to be marked with vermilion by me and mine.

From this marriage began a happy life for her and her husband, with every range of experience and fortune, of which these pages need say nothing more but what relates to the more public affairs of the century.

1808 TO 1840

CHAPTER VI

1808 TO 1840

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WATER

I TURN for a few pages from America to Europe. I have a series of letters between John Quincy Adams and Mr. Alexander Everett for fifteen years after the War of 1812. Mr. Everett had gone to Russia with Mr. Adams in 1808 as his private secretary. He was with him there through that most interesting and critical period when the Emperor of Russia stood so loyally to his engagements with America and to the traditions of Catherine and

EMPEROR ALEXANDER I.
From an engraving by Montaut.

other neutral powers. Because the Emperor would not agree in any form to Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees, Napoleon quarrelled with him and invaded his empire.

I must not go into this. The reader will find it all explained and illustrated by Mr. Henry Adams. I only wish here to say that an intimacy began between John Quincy Adams — a veteran statesman, as far as American diplomacy went — and Alexander Everett as early as 1806, when Mr. Everett left Exeter and began the study of law in Mr. Adams's office. That friendship continued unbroken while Mr. Adams lived. From the correspondence which grew from it I shall make a few extracts. The reader will see that their statements of fact are of the first authority. And I copy a few of such details as explain the delay of letters and the slowness of travel to show how different the external conditions were from those of our days.

The reader will observe that it was but a few years since the *Weekly Messenger* had begun a new series, under my father's sole direction. It was but two years since he had purchased the Boston *Daily Advertiser* newspaper, the first daily paper in New England. Our old-fashioned people call the paper *The Daily* still. My mother

used to laugh about her indignation when, on her wedding tour, the *Advertiser* or the *Messenger* had followed them, and she found that the friendly compositors at the printing-office had printed the names of bride and bridegroom in letters unusually large, under the head of "Marriages." I suppose no compositor or proof-reader in the office of the *Tribune* or the *Journal* now would take any such liberty, even if he happened to know the name of his chief. But to a certain extent those were still feudal days. From the beginning of the *Advertiser* down, the editor owned the printing plant, or owned enough of it to control its use. And in such days the counting-room direction and the editorial wish were one and the same, because both came from one and the same man.

I must take for granted what we will hope is true — that all readers are well informed as to the great crisis which culminated in the triumph of neutral rights and the fall of Napoleon. So I will venture to suppose that they would prefer not to read of those half-forgotten politics. And instead of them, for the moment they may forget wars and rumors of wars and look in on Coleridge as he lectures on "Love."

In 1811 Mr. Everett left St. Petersburg on

leave of absence and visited England. The following passage gives a description of one evening in London as late as 1849. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson told me that when his friends were arranging for his lectures in London in 1848, they went back to the traditions of these lectures by Coleridge: —

"LONDON, 1811.

"I dined to-day at the Globe in company with Mr. Armory. In the evening Frank Williams called in and we went together to Coleridge's Lecture. It was on the interesting subject of love and the French character as delineated by Shakespeare. Love he defined to us 'the perfect desire of being united to something that we feel to be necessary to our happiness by all the means that Nature permits and Reason allows.' I think he does not shine in Definitions. I understand that at a recent lecture which I did

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.
From an engraving of 1809.

not hear he defined a poem to be the natural expression of a natural thought. He wished, he said, to take a middle course in his idea of Love between the high Platonists, that excludes the idea of body, and the gross materialists that have no conception of anything further. Scott's description went very much to this point: —

> "'True Love's the gift that God has given
> To Man alone beneath the Heaven.
> It is not Fantasy's hot fire
> Whose wishes soon as granted fly.
> It liveth not in wild desire,
> In dead desire it doth not die.
> It is the secret sympathy,
> The silver cord, the silken tie,
> That heart to heart and mind to mind
> In body and in soul doth bind.'

"He took up the play of Romeo and Juliet, dividing the characters into the general and individual ones, the former as Tybalt and Capulet, the great characters of the play. Mercutio he commended very much. It had been objected, he said, that Shakespeare had despatched Mercutio in the third act because he was unable to support him any longer. The fact was that he had given him the brilliancy which he displays while on the stage in order to excite an interest in the death and thus give an air of nature to

the spirit of revenge it creates in Romeo, by which means the death of Tybalt and the catastrophe of the play that hangs upon it are rendered probable. He advanced something in favor of the conceits of Shakespeare. He undertook to consider the Nurse, which seems to be a very favorite character with him, for his admiration was without bounds, and appeared so to have bewildered his head that he could not descend to particulars so as to make the grounds of it intelligible. The attractive nature of the subject had brought together a larger audience than usual, and the ladies all concurred in saying that it was very pretty. They appeared to be disappointed when he finished."

CHILD LIFE IN BOSTON

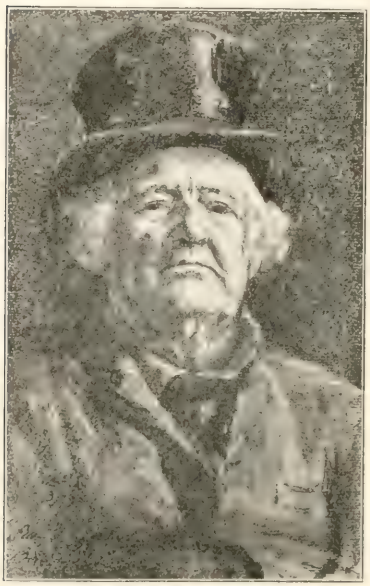
Do not let any one think that I am going to harass my readers with many details as to my personal life. What we are trying for is a keyhole view of the whole century; and when I speak of myself, it is simply because the reader and I, as I keep saying, are looking through the same keyhole. Still, it will be convenient to all parties if I say that it was in the twenties that I began to see matters with my own eyes. On the 3d of April, 1822, I came into this world.

There is a well-known reminiscence of a French physicist who remembered seeing the nurse raise the curtain of his room when he was six hours old. I do not go back so far as he, and I do not believe that I recall anything of my own observations earlier than my sight of the green feathers of the Rifle Rangers on the 17th of June, 1825, of which I have spoken already. A good deal had happened to me before then, however, which I cannot recall. Thus, I could read the printed badge which was given me. But I have no recollection of learning to read; not even of who taught me. I suppose it was Miss Susan Whitney, to whose school I was sent, at my own eager request, before I was three years old.

This admirable lady tried to teach the children of the next generation their letters.

And here I may as well illustrate the scenery and the other arrangements of the stage in Boston in the twenties by telling how "we four" went to school and how we returned. To the company of readers of these lines who live within a mile or two of the cheerful gaslight by which they are written, the locality and the line of march will be sufficiently clear when I say that I was born in a house of which the front door opened where the Ladies' Entrance of Parker's

Hotel opens to-day — near School Street in Tremont Street. From this front door, Fullum, who has been spoken of before, took us to school twice a day, excepting Thursdays and Saturdays, when we went but once. "Us" means that he took "us four" — my two sisters, my brother, and me. The other three were my playmates; they were older than I; and when they went to school daily, I used, naturally enough, to cry and beg to go with them. Ah me! since that time I have known many another hapless child who has stumbled into the like pitfall. Miss Susan Whitney did not hesitate to receive me. I suppose I was one of the youngest of her flock. She attended to her part of the business well. I suppose I had learned my letters at home. I have no recollection of anything in the



Abel Fullum.
Drawn by Ellen D. Hale.

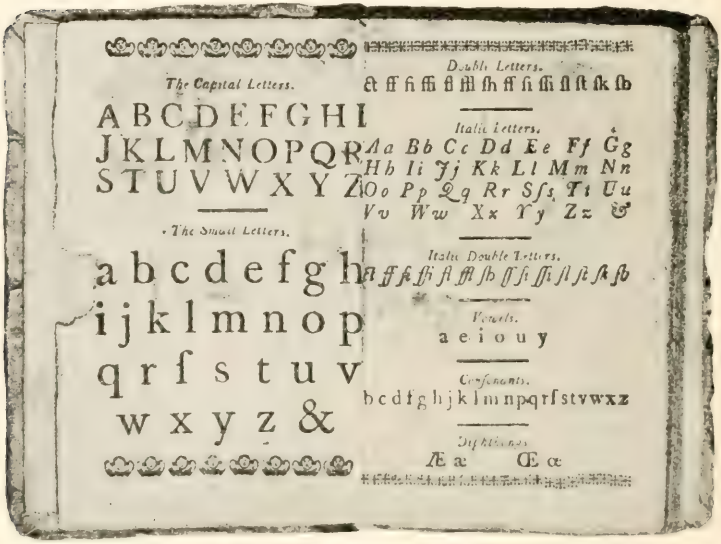
process. I cannot recollect any moment of my life when I could not read as well as I can now.

I may say, in passing, that Sequoyah, the Cherokee Cadmus, taught a boy to read in a day, and speaks as if two or three days were always quite sufficient for the business. Helen Keller, who was certainly badly handicapped, learned to read and write and spell in less than four months; and has never, I think, made a mistake in spelling in twelve years since. The truth seems to be that we generally make a great deal too much fuss about learning to read.

What I remember is this: that the schoolroom was one of two chambers on the first floor of a pre-Revolutionary house in a little private courtyard next west of the Trinity Church of those days. The room was perhaps fifteen feet square, with a sanded floor, and with benches and chairs enough for twenty scholars or more. It was warmed by an open wood fire in the winter. We had slates and pencils and the "New York Primer" and Barbauld's "Early Lessons."

It seems to me a rather curious index of the times that, as I suppose, there was no other primer in Boston since the "New England Primer," which was then wholly antiquated. I had some highly philosophical child's books, not

either of these primers, which I cannot now find. I wish any one would tell me when and where it was arranged. Some such book which I had gave me a picture or conspectus of the five vowels,


The Capital Letters.
A B C D E F G H I
J K L M N O P Q R
S T U V W X Y Z
The Small Letters.
a b c d e f g h
i j k l m n o p
q r s t u v
w x y z &
Double Letters.
Italic Letters.
Aa Bb Cc Dd Ee Ff Gg
Hh Ii Jj Kk Ll Mm Nn
Oo Pp Qq Rr Ss Tt Uu
Vv Ww Xx Yy Zz &
Italic Double Letters.
Vowels.
a e i o u y
Consonants.
b c d f g h j k l m n p q r s t v w x z
Diphthongs.
Æ æ Œ œ

THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER.
From the collection of W. G. Bowdoin, Esq.

each leading his own platoon in the little army. A and E each had three followers. I, O, and U, the other three captains, each had five. Now whoever always sees his letters arranged in this order in his mind's cabinet has many great advantages over those who do not — advantages which it is not necessary here to describe.

Let us return to Fullum and his little flock of four, of the united ages, as the newspapers say, of twenty-three years. Nathan and Sarah, aged eight and seven, could have gone to school alone, but could hardly have taken care of me and my other sister at the ages of three and five. We were to go down School Street — then a paved lane without any regular curbstone or sidewalk — to turn to our right and go through the "Main Street," not yet familiarly called Washington Street. When we came to Sumner's crockery-shop, then at the corner of Summer Street, with its fascinating shepherdesses and lambs in the window, we would stop a moment to admire them, and then, to make up for the lost time, would hurry down to the courtyard which led in to Miss Whitney's door. There Fullum took us upstairs and left us in the northern room; the southern room was occupied by another school under the care of Miss Ayres. There was a vague impression that their scholarship was more advanced than ours. For all that, however, we had the serene and proper childish confidence that ours was the best school in the world, and that we, as individuals, probably had no superiors. The only blemish on this bright mirror of self-consciousness was the fact that Miss Ayres had a

watch, and that in our establishment we had none. So we had to send in to her if we needed to know the time.

At twelve o'clock Fullum came for us and we went home. At three in the afternoon we went through the same streets again, and at five went back again. Joy for us when winter came! For the purposes of winter, Fullum had contrived a box sled, which was painted green. Into this box sled all four were packed, and thus we enjoyed, on the snow, four triumphant sleigh-rides daily, dragged by our faithful friend. How many policemen would there need to be to escort such a company through that part of Washington Street to-day?

Opposite the block of houses of which ours was one were three large gardens running up to the western side of the western block of Tremont Place of to-day. These estates were bought by the syndicate which built the Tremont House and opened Tremont Place. For the Tremont House the old houses were taken away and their orchards were cut down. The corner-stone of the Tremont House was laid in 1828. It was matter of surprise and of common conversation that here was to be a large hotel which had no stable of its own, though larger than the

Indian's Head in the neighborhood. Observe that for years afterward horses and oxen gave the only motive power on the roads.

THE PEOPLE AT THE HELM

In the year 1830 I saw General Jackson, who had come to Boston as President. In a State which had voted stiffly against him, the "Progress" was watched with great interest. Since that time I have spoken with John Quincy Adams, with Tyler, Polk, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield I think, Arthur, Hayes, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley, and Roosevelt. I have seen all the Presidents since Monroe. From Washington to Monroe, I never saw any of the five.

General Andrew Jackson.
From a rare print by F. Cardon.

It was on the third day of November in 1828 that I, who was then six years old, was led by the hand of Fullum as we four of us children returned, after dark, from a tea-party at Katha-

rine Foster's in Avon Place. It was the night following the day when Massachusetts had given her vote for J. Q. Adams in 1828. As Fullum half dragged me and half lifted me across the "Main Street," a man's voice broke

The Hermitage.

the silence of the evening by the cry, "Hurrah for Jackson!" I think that such cries were then very unusual. I doubt whether the New Englanders were in the habit of expressing themselves in such ways. A counter cry from another direction immediately replied, "Hurrah for Adams!" But, alas! a third voice, evidently from a new interlocutor, replied at once

with a second "Hurrah for Jackson!" I was but a child, but in one matter I saw the future of seventy years as well as I now see it in retrospect. Impossible not to observe that two men hurrahed for Jackson and only one for Adams! Impossible not to reflect that in the street neither my father, nor my uncles, nor any of the gentlemen whom I was used to see, would have hurrahed for anybody. And, at the same time, how clear, even to a child's observation, that there were many more men in the world of the kind who like to hurrah in the street than of the kind who do not like to! All that we children understood of the business was that General Jackson once hanged six militia-men, and that his election would be ruin for the country. Observe also that this was at the close of an election day in which Adams had four votes in Massachusetts for one given for Jackson.

I believe this story about "Hurrah for Jackson!" is worth the precious three hundred words which it has cost, because it marks almost to a minute the period when the United States became a real democracy. It is as good a text as I shall have for saying a few words on the political change between the first third of the century and the last two-thirds.

The men who made the State constitutions and the United States Constitution had no idea of the universal suffrage with which we are familiar. Massachusetts was as far advanced in such matters as any of the States, but Massachusetts had begun with confiding the suffrage to church members, and they were only admitted to vote by the consent of a majority of those already voters. In 1780, in the State constitution of which John Adams is the real author, Massachusetts gave the suffrage to landowners, or to persons with an amount of property on which they paid taxes.

By the National Act of 1798, no foreign emigrant could be received to suffrage on less than fourteen years' probation, and this after five years' previous declaration of intention to become a citizen.

One can see how effective were the limitations by the small number of votes as compared with the whole population. It was like a vote in Mississippi to-day, where six thousand voters choose the Congressman of two hundred thousand people.

What followed on this limitation of suffrage was that the two great parties were simply two rival aristocracies. There is something ludicrous

now in reading the private letters of the real leaders on both sides. They take it as entirely for granted each that the party will do what half a dozen leaders determine on; as Mr. Croker (in 1900) took it for granted that Tammany would do what he determined on. Indeed, there was no popular convention or any other method by which the rank and file of the voters could express any opinion, even if they had one. But, practically, they had none. The condition of affairs in South Carolina up to Mr. Tillman's reign is a good enough illustration of the way in which every State was managed up till 1829. "Some of us get together at Columbia after the Commencement and arrange the politics of the State for the next year." Such was the convenient fashion everywhere in which things were managed all along the line, before people found out what universal suffrage means or what democratic government is.

It seems to me one of the most curious bits of political sagacity in our history that, as early as 1815, Aaron Burr suggested the name of Andrew Jackson as the best candidate for the succession to James Madison.

Aaron Burr hated and despised Monroe as he had ever since they quarrelled in the Revolution.

And so Burr, looking with the dispassionate eye of one who wished for the failure of both of the regular candidates, writes: —

"The moment is extremely auspicious for breaking down this degrading system. The best citizens of our country acknowledge the feebleness of our administration. They acknowledge that offices are bestowed merely to preserve power, and without the smallest regard to fitness. If, then, there be a man in the United States of firmness and decision, and having standing enough to afford even a hope of success, it is your duty to hold him up to public view: that man is Andrew Jackson. Nothing is wanting but a respectable nomination, made before the proclamation of the Virginia caucus, and Jackson's success is inevitable."

When, twenty years later, the New York regency at Albany sent the younger Hamilton to open negotiations with Andrew Jackson, they thought, in the innocence of their hearts, that they created him and they were going to run him. As a chess-player moves a pawn and changes it into a queen and then moves the queen up and down the board as he chooses, so the managers at Albany thought they were going to handle this Western bush-whacker. In

1853 the Southern Democratic leaders tried the same experiment with Franklin Pierce, and with entire success.

But Andrew Jackson, when he was called into being, proved to be made of very different stuff. He was neither putty nor dough. He said very squarely that the American people made him President, and that he had nobody to thank, and nobody to reward, and nobody to obey. It is a pawn who rules the board, if you please, but he rules it in his own way, and not as any Albany regency or any John Caldwell Calhoun bids him rule it.

That man is a strong man who has the American people behind him. Lincoln said wisely that you can fool some of them some of the time, but that no man ever fooled all of them all the time. The eight years of Andrew Jackson's dynasty were the end of the halting pretence at republicanism of the first fifty years of the Constitution. From that time down the men who had the Nation behind them have succeeded. The men who were set up by intriguing oligarchies have failed.

Up till the close of General Jackson's Presidency, as I have said, no such thing was heard of as a National Convention for the choice of a

candidate. Somebody had to make such a choice; and, for want of a better, a meeting of the members of Congress named the candidates of either party. So it was that in 1825 General Jackson and John Quincy Adams and Mr. Crawford and Mr. Clay divided the electoral votes. But so soon as General Jackson withdrew, having named Mr. Van Buren as his successor, all the enthusiasm of the Democratic party departed with Old Hickory. Poor Van Buren had to face the terrible storm of the commercial crisis of 1837. The fault was none of his, excepting as the industrial States of America are always at fault when they intrust their business to those States where nobody can mend a water-pail, or to statesmen who do not know a bill of lading from a bill of exchange, — to men who "know nothing of trade," as that excellent Monroe said. In the crisis of 1837 half the business firms in the country were bankrupt and half its industries were destroyed, of which the consequence was that the industrial States, that is, New England, the West, and the great States between, took their affairs for once into their own hands.

When they called together the great conventions of 1839 and 1840, the reign of oligarchies

and caucuses of Congressmen was over, and the reign of the voters began.

In the very bitter canvasses, all crowded with personalities, which preceded the election of John Quincy Adams and of Andrew Jackson, every sort of lie was told on all sides. In those circles of the New England States which prided themselves on civilization no tales were told with more eagerness than those which presumed that a Tennessee man must be wholly barbarian, so far as the etiquettes of elegant life would go. But when Andrew Jackson came to the White House the curiosity of the country was perhaps a little annoyed that the so-called elegancies of Washington were maintained. He did not go out with a shot-gun to bring in canvas-back ducks from the river, and Mrs. Jackson did not dress them at an open fire.

Still, I remember very well the anecdote in which Mrs. Jackson was supposed to give an account of a lung fever, of which, I think, she died. It was declared and believed in Northern circles that she said, "The Gineral kicked the kiverlet off, and I kotched cold." I should not tell the story but to record the resentment of a true lady, a relative of my own, who had seen all the elegancies of the best Courts of Europe,

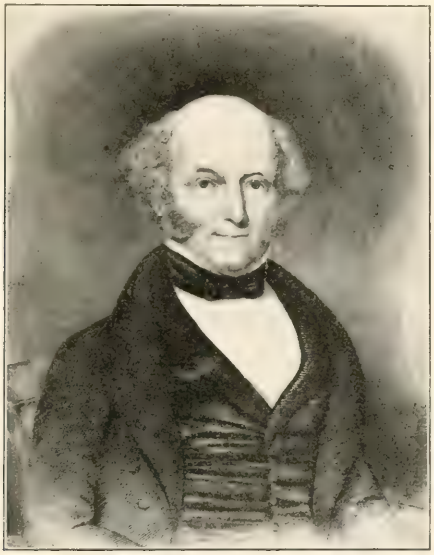
and who protested to me that Mrs. Jackson was a lady through and through, in breeding as in daily manners. My friend quoted the anecdote which I have told, only as illustration of the bitterness of partisanship at that time. On the other hand, if any story can be received at the distance of one person from the spot of which the story is told, the story which I will now record is true: —

The daughter of a Massachusetts Senator told me that in her younger life she went with her father to one of the regulation dinners at the White House. General Jackson himself took her out to the dinner-table. There was some talk about the light of the table, and the General said to her, "The chanticleer does not burn well." She was so determined that she should not misunderstand him that she pretended not to hear him and asked him what he said. To which his distinct reply was, "The chanticleer does not burn well."

MARTIN VAN BUREN

Of Mr. Van Buren the general impression is certainly that he was simply an intriguing New York politician, utterly indifferent to anything but his own advancement and the success of his

own coterie in the politics of New York. But as lately as March, 1891, I heard Mr. McKinley express a very different opinion. I should not repeat what he said if he were living; but his remark has for me a special interest because,



MARTIN VAN BUREN.
After a miniature by Mrs. Bogardus.

after that evening, I never saw him again, and these were among the last words I ever heard him utter.

In his charming, cordial way Mr. McKinley was showing to Mrs. Hale the arrangements of

the White House. As we passed a rather poor full-length portrait of Van Buren, he took a candle, by which he could throw a better light on the face, and called our special attention to it. He said that till lately he had grown up in the feeling to which most of us were trained in younger days, that Van Buren was a man of no wide range of thought, or indeed of any convictions; that he was merely a selfish politician. But lately he had been studying those early days with new interest, and he was convinced that Van Buren was a much stronger man — a man far more fit for the Presidency — than history has on the whole believed. I suppose he had been reading Mr. Shepard's thorough and valuable study.

If anybody chooses to say that Martin Van Buren made Andrew Jackson President of the United States, I think he can maintain his thesis. Certainly the man who did that did something of importance in history.

In the election of 1824 Jackson had enough Western votes to bring him as a prominent candidate before the people in 1828. The New York leaders did not care who was President, if only they had "the patronage," and they seem to have thought that in this popular old General,

then more than sixty years old, they should find a tool whom they could handle easily. So they sent the younger Hamilton all the way to the "Hermitage," as the old General called his home in Tennessee, to sound him, virtually to offer him the nomination, if he would agree to their conditions. Hamilton's journey was somewhat like what the journey of a young New Yorker of the Four Hundred would be to-day if he were sent, say, into the "Bad Lands" to have an interview with a Blackfoot chief. He afterward printed his instructions, which are very funny. He was to observe the habits of the family, and to be able to tell such things as might be profitable in the canvass — whether they had family prayers, whether the old gentleman asked a blessing at table, whether they played cards, etc. Let the reader remember that one of the reasons why John Quincy Adams was not reëlected was that he had a billiard-table in the White House.

But when the New York managers had caught their hare and had him in the White House, they found, as I have said — rather to their dismay — that they could not manage him "worth a cent," to use a fine National proverb. The General had a very decided will of his own. He had the knack of cutting Gordian knots, and came

to like it. Possibly to get Van Buren out of his way, he sent him as his Minister to England,— an official appointment which meant even more then than it would now.

Mr. Parton says — and I think wisely — that if the United States Senate had only had sense enough to leave Mr. Van Buren in London, and, one might add, to thank God he was there, the history of this country since would have been different. But there was a strong opposition Senate. Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay were leading it, and, in the pride of power, they refused to confirm the nomination of Mr. Van Buren after he had been presented at the English Court in 1831. He had the mortification of presenting his own recall, and the English Foreign Minister — either Earl Dudley or Lord Palmerston — said to him, what is very true, that, to a public man, an act of evident injustice is often one of great advantage.

Certainly it proved so to Van Buren. The rejection by the Senate made him President. The insult had been aimed, not at him, but at General Jackson, and Old Hickory understood this perfectly well. From the moment of Van Buren's return he folded him in his arms and made his interest his first care. Will it do to

say he made his election sure? On Jackson's nomination, Van Buren was made Vice-President for the second term of Old Hickory, and so far all the new popularity which Jackson had won as the saviour of the Union went to the account of Van Buren.

But he could not have the popularity without the responsibility. Whether he himself cared for the sub-treasury system or for the rest of General Jackson's financial policy, he had to take the consequences of that policy. The financial panic of 1837 swept over the country. Literally everybody suffered. Practically everybody charged it on the Government. A storm of indignation swept out the President who had had two-thirds of the electoral votes in 1836.

I heard a little story, when I was in Washington four years after this downfall, which illustrates the bitterness with which the people of his own State regarded him. Things were very simple in Washington in 1836. Manners had the simplicity which they would have in a large country town in Virginia or Kentucky to-day. So it happened that of an evening, probably when Congress was not in session, the President would walk across to Lafayette Square and make an evening call in one of the charming homes

there. The people there were glad to have him entertain himself as he would, and such homelike visits were often repeated. But as the "recess," as people used to call it, went on, Mr. Van Buren's visits at Mr. Ogle Tayloe's suddenly stopped. Mrs. Tayloe, herself a most agreeable lady from an old Albany family, told her husband that he must go over to the White House and ask Mr. Van Buren why he had given up his evening calls, and Mr. Tayloe undertook the commission.

Mr. Van Buren did not hesitate in reply. He said that it was true that he had given up his visits to Mrs. Tayloe: "She has things lying about on her table which should not be there."

Then it proved that, as a part of the drawing-room furniture, Mrs. Tayloe's matchless collections of autographs lay on the table. It was specially rich in letters from New York statesmen — letters from many men whom the whole world remembers. The President had been fond of turning these books over. They revealed to him some things which he had not known before.

Mr. Tayloe went back to his wife with the President's message, and they applied themselves to studying the autograph-books. It was not long before this phrase was disinterred: "What

is little Matty doing? Some dirty work, of course, as usual." To this phrase, not unnaturally, the President had taken exception. Mrs. Tayloe's scissors at once relieved the book, and so she wrote to Mr. Van Buren. And the President of the United States was able to renew his visits upon his opposite neighbor.

It is difficult for an outsider to understand how completely the President of the United States is sometimes shut in out of sight, almost out of sound, of the very people who have chosen him. In November, 1840, as I have said just now, by a perfect typhoon of indignation on the part of the commercial and manufacturing States and of the West, then new to power, Mr. Van Buren was swept out of office and old General Harrison was put in. Harrison had 234 electoral votes and Van Buren had only 60. The election had already begun, it had been decided in some States, when Mr. Alexander Everett, who told me this story, passing through Washington, made a visit on Mr. Van Buren. Mr. Van Buren assured him, and believed that evening, that he should be reëlected, and reëlected by a strong majority. The managers of the White House, if one may say so, the people who kept the President, had succeeded in

deceiving so far the man whom posterity has regarded as the most astute politician of his time. Mr. Everett, when he told me the story, was confident that this was not the talk of an intriguer to an outsider, but that Mr. Van Buren expressed his own opinion as to the issue.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT

CHAPTER VII

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT

IN an earlier chapter I told a story of the way in which the Connecticut River students of Williams College travelled fifty miles to and from their homes. In 1902 a student can go from Northampton to Williamstown in less than two hours. My father, in 1806, went from the same Northampton to Boston by what was called "the stage" on a journey which he supposed would take two days. In fact, it took three. He began by taking the public conveyance from Northampton to Brookfield, a ride, perhaps, of thirty-five miles. At Brookfield this line connected with the stage line from Springfield to Boston. He had taken a through passage, or, as our English friends would say, was "booked through," so that he was sure of a seat in the carriage from Springfield when it came along. While they waited at Brookfield, a lady appeared who was very anxious to go to Boston as soon as possible.

But when the Springfield wagon appeared, there was no seat for her, the six seats being all taken.

With all his own kindness of heart, my father gave up his seat to her, spent twenty-four hours with a classmate, and went on to Boston the next day. When, afterward, he built the Boston and Worcester Railroad and directed the

A View of Boston, showing the Providence and the Worcester Railways.

From an early drawing.

preliminary surveys for the Boston and Albany roads, which now carry thousands of passengers daily between Boston and the Connecticut River, he liked to tell this story of his three days from the Connecticut River to his future home. I have already told the family story of his voyage from New York to Troy, which required twelve days.

When one compares such anecdotes, which for time and distance are on the scale of Sindbad's voyages, against the incidents of our daily lives, he gets some feeling of the contrast, almost absurd, between the beginning of the century and the end. The steps of advance can be marked quite distinctly. And I should think that one of the wide-awake young men who are connected with the more than gigantic railway system of the country would find it worth his while to give to us a thorough history of the progress in this business of going from place to place. A hundred years have changed almost every detail of almost every life in America by the changes wrought in travel. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the second of that illustrious name, has made some interesting studies in that line. Perhaps he will build on his own foundations.

It shows what manner of man Washington was that, in the literature of the subject, what he wrote about the importance of opening up the West, and of the details of method as well, is more in amount than everything on record said by all his contemporaries in the same years. It really seems as if Washington were the only person in the country who even be-

gan to comprehend its future. After the Revolution his diaries are full of the journeys which he took, even as far as the valley of the Ohio, and they often dwell on this great business. It was a matter of course that the New York people should see those natural facilities for reaching the lake region which they afterward developed. Every soldier in every army which tramped through central New York, as well as every trader who brought in a pack of beaver, told the same story of a country without mountains, easy for canals or other highways. Travellers do not perhaps recollect generally that, until a period which does not seem very long, the waters of the West did not seek the valley of the St. Lawrence, but crossed to what we call the Hudson River, and found the ocean by what I suppose I must call the Vanderbilt route. I believe the geologists think this was not ten thousand years ago. I suppose that till the end of the eighteenth century, however, the Iroquois Indians seemed an important and inconvenient obstacle in the way of roads or canals before 1800.

Washington's wishes for Virginia turned on the improvement of the navigation of the James

and Potomac Rivers. There is on record a conversation of his in the latter part of his life in which he foreshadowed the Erie Canal. For thirty years more, far-sighted people were planning and building canals westward. In New York these people were led by De Witt Clinton.

This canal was opened in 1825, and has been a benefactor to millions who do not know enough to thank the men who built it. "Give us this day our daily bread," this is the daily prayer of millions upon millions of such people. Of which millions, let us hope, one half thank the God who answers it. But I am afraid that even of that half, not one child of his in a thousand thanks the agents of the good God in this affair. Yet they insisted that his children through the world watered by the Atlantic should buy their flour for four dollars a barrel, as they do to-day, instead of paying sixteen dollars, as their ancestors often

did before De Witt Clinton built the Erie Canal.[1]

When I was in college, the Josiah Quincy of that generation, the man who was born just before the Revolutionary Josiah Quincy died, told me something about the cereal food of Massachusetts in his boyhood. I knew perfectly well that his family was in as comfortable circumstances as any family in New England. He said that until his manhood white bread, the bread made from wheat flour, was, so to speak, a luxury on his mother's table. I remember he said it was served as nice cake might be served in the average New England family of the time when we were speaking. His mother would have her loaf of white bread in the house, but it would be used, not as the substantial bread of the family, but as a sort of extra luxury at the table. The family food was "rye 'n' injun," as we Yankees say, by which we mean the bread which is sold at restaurants as Boston brown bread.

So much interest attached to the subject of canals that in Rees's great quarto Cyclopædia, the ancestor of the great cyclopædias of to-day,

[1] I speak of rates in Boston. In Philadelphia, in the heart of what was then a wheat-growing county, the highest rates for the seventy years after 1784 was $15.00 in March, 1796.

one hundred and seventy-five pages are given to the subject, and a separate account is given of every canal in the British Islands at the beginning of the century. The American editor introduces a long and careful account of the canals undertaken in the United States from

Illumination of the New York City Hall during the Grand Canal Celebration.

the time when, under Franklin, the route was surveyed for a canal across New Jersey. This account gives the history of American canals up to 1805 and 1806, when the article was prepared.

On the 4th of July, 1817, the first spadeful

of earth was turned for the Erie Canal, and in October, 1825, this longest canal in the world was open for traffic. The whole construction is an admirable object-lesson in the study of American life and American success. Half of the men who built it had never seen a canal. Mr. Fitzgerald tells a story of a young New Yorker who had to do with it, crossing to Europe for the purpose of seeing European canals. He walked on the tow-paths of those canals and came home with the results of his observations. In just such fashion was the whole early school of American civil engineers trained, and we owe it to the country's skill in self-education that this school of engineers has achieved the methods of to-day.

At the close of this chapter we print a facsimile of a note of De Witt Clinton's in 1817, in which he alludes to the great work which has given immortality to his name.

The Erie and Champlain canals were built entirely by the State and cost only ten million dollars. Before 1830 they were paying an annual income of more than eight per cent to the State, and it was already estimated that the canals had increased the value of the real estate of New York by a hundred million dollars.

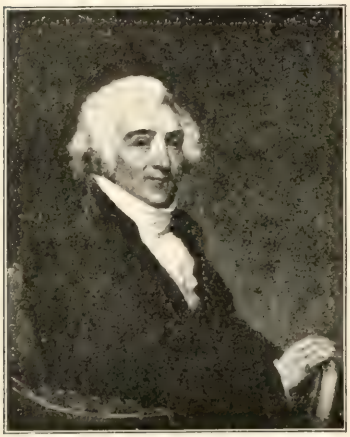
Such successes are conveniently forgotten to-day by people who, while eating their daily bread, whine about the dangers which accrue to a State which owns it own highways.

It was quite natural that the men of the future, if one may call them so, in America, should first turn their attention to the establishment of navigable canals. The General Reader, though he is a person who knows very little, still recollects the names of Stanhope and of the Earl of Bridgewater and of the great engineers of those times.

In point of time the Santee Canal of South Carolina is earliest of the American series of canals, but the first of importance which actually got to work was the Middlesex Canal, uniting the Merrimack River of the northern part of Massachusetts with Boston Harbor. In 1833 this canal passed into the ownership of the competitor which ran near it, the Boston and Lowell Railroad. During a considerable part of its existence it paid dividends.

The charter of this canal was signed by John Hancock on the 22d of June, 1793. In the next October the directors chose James Sullivan, afterward Governor, to be their President, Loammi Baldwin to be their first Vice-President, and

John Brooks, afterward Governor, the second Vice-President. The early accounts say that it was difficult to collect capital stock, but eventually five hundred thousand dollars was subscribed for this purpose. Mr. Weston, an English engineer, was engaged to make surveys, and in the spring of 1794 the work began. The canal was opened in 1803. There are not many persons now living who have sailed from Boston to Lowell in a packet-boat on that canal; but for me, one of my earliest memories is a voyage for a day upon it in the *General Sullivan* packet-boat from Charlestown, opposite Boston, to Chelmsford. At Chelmsford they were building the dam which has created the water-power of the city of Lowell. My father was interested in such work, and took us all down to Chelmsford when he went to see the progress of the dam. Lowell was incorporated with its new name



JAMES SULLIVAN. PRESIDENT OF THE MIDDLESEX CANAL COMPANY. After the portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

the next year, the territory being taken from the old territory of Chelmsford.

I am told that for many years no salmon has succeeded in flinging himself up over the dam. But in that early day, when the Falls had the picturesque look which we are able to reproduce from an old painting by an English artist, the salmon had not deserted the homes of their ancestors. It was a familiar tradition that, on one of those excursions of the gentlemen of the Lowell Company to Chelmsford, Mr. Isaac P. Davis,[1] one of the leaders of Boston, went out to the innkeeper of the Chelmsford Tavern to ask what he should give them for dinner. The man said he thought they would like a nice salmon, and that that would be the resistance-piece for their party.

Colonel Loammi Baldwin.
From a silhouette. The only known portrait from life.

As the morning went on Mr. Davis thought he should like to see the salmon, and went

[1] I would print the middle name at length. But there was no middle name. Mr. Davis found inconvenience from the fact that there was another Isaac Davis in Boston and he inserted the *P* to relieve them both from annoyance.

out to ask that permission could be given him. To which the reply was: "You don't think I am such a fool as to catch him before we want him? He is in the pool, and will not go up

The Falls in the Merrimack at Chelmsford.
From a painting by an English artist.

for twenty-four hours; I shall go out before dinner and catch him." And so he did; such were the simple refrigerators in which men kept their fish in those early days.

The enthusiasm for building canals which

Washington and his more intelligent contemporaries had attempted to awaken, gradually extended itself and became almost a mania. The cyclopædias and reports of the time give the names of such enterprises as these, which are among the most important. All of them took new life with the triumphant success of the Erie Canal: —

The Middlesex Canal, in Massachusetts.

The system of Pennsylvania, spoken of as the largest system of all; but the Erie Canal was the longest.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.

The Dismal Swamp Canal of Virginia, which was among the earliest finished.

The large system in Ohio, and in other States large appropriations for the improvement of rivers.

In Maryland the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was begun in July, 1828, and it was using steam power in 1831.

The reader will see that there is no large enterprise till we come to De Witt Clinton and his great Erie Canal. Of Burr's two families which divided, as he says, the politics of New York, the Livingstons gave to America the steamboat with Fulton's coöperation, and the

Clintons gave to America the Erie Canal. No work or word of Jefferson's administration is to be compared with these, excepting the Louisiana purchase, the credit of which, as has been said, belongs to Livingston and Napoleon.

Traces of the canal epidemic and its results

The Susquehanna at Liverpool, Pa., showing the Pennsylvania Canal.

A comparison of the two modes of carrying freight.

may still be seen in Ohio. These owe their place in history, however, to the fact that John Quincy Adams crossed Ohio in a canal-boat; and that the Ohio canals find a place in Mr. Howells's history of his boyhood. In those level prairie States of the Northwest there were certain possibilities for such enterprises. The attempt of the

great State of Pennsylvania to take a canal across the Alleghanies seems to us now almost magnificent in its blundering audacity. Possibly this reader may live to see how our poor Pennsylvania, or rich Pennsylvania, had to pay forty million dollars to Sydney Smith and others who had furnished the money for this quixotic endeavor. New Jersey lent herself more readily to such enterprises.

But if Mr. Eads's successors shall give us, as they think they can, a railway on which ocean steamers shall be lifted to cross the Isthmus of Tehuantepec from ocean to ocean, why, in their success, the Pennsylvanian legislation of the twenties will be remembered and justified.

The reader in America should remember what Mr. George Morison reminds us of in his address at Chicago, that there never has been a time when canals were considered so important a part of the transportation system of Europe as in this very day.

There is a curious letter of Robert Fulton's, written by him as early as 1807 to Albert Gallatin, then Secretary of the Treasury. It accompanies Gallatin's report to the National Government on canal communication. Gallatin shows how freight could be carried from Boston

to Savannah without exposure to an enemy's cruisers. This report was prepared in days when the English frigates *Belvedere* and *Leander* and *Leopard* and *Guerrière* were parading up and down our coasts, were occasionally running into our waters for the impudent purchase of supplies, and were enraging every man who loved his country as they picked off seamen at the will of their commanders from American merchantmen. Gallatin advised the Nation to send its freight barges from Boston by Weymouth to Taunton, in a canal to be built for that purpose. Then the canal-boats would sail down Taunton River. They were then to run the gantlet into Long Island Sound, taking the chances of fog and northwest gales for dodging their enemies into these safer waters. By the Sound and Hell-Gate and the East River and New York Harbor, behind Staten Island perhaps, they were to come to Amboy, from Amboy to cross by a canal to Philadelphia; they were then to float down the Delaware to Wilmington, to cross by another canal to the head of the Chesapeake, to go down the Chesapeake as safely and prosperously as Rochambeau and Washington went. Then, through lines which adventurous readers take to-day through the Dismal Swamp, for instance,

and this or that sound, which are protected from English cruisers and easterly storms by Cape Fear and Cape Hatteras and Cape Lookout, the Hingham pails of Massachusetts and the negro-cloths of Woonsocket were to be delivered at Savannah.

I cannot find that Fulton's interesting letter is alluded to by any of his so-called biographers. He discusses in detail the value of a canal system. Of the several canals suggested by Gallatin for his voyages all are now in operation excepting that by which he meant to cross Massachusetts.

Fulton says in his letter that he had been pressing canal service on the Nation for eleven years. He urged a good canal system, first, for its effect to raise the value of the public lands; second, in cementing the Union and extending the principles of confederate republican government. "At the conclusion of my work there is a letter in which I contemplate the time when canals should pass through every vale and wind around each hill, and bind the whole country together in the bonds of social intercourse. And I am now hoping to find that the period has arrived when an overflowing treasury exhibits abundant resources and opens the mind to

works of such immense importance." This was written on the eighth day of December, 1807.

Gallatin's table at the end, which tells how much it will cost to build the necessary canals between Boston and Savannah, shows that they need only be eighty-eight miles long, have a total lockage of 548 feet, and cost $3,050,000.

Of all the canal enterprises of that time, I suppose that the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal is now the most important, with the great exception of the Erie. I believe the chief service of this canal is the delivery of Cumberland coal at navigable waters. It never reached the Ohio River, as its name and charter proposed.

But the knell of American canals had, for the time, struck. In 1825 — about the time when, with firing of cannons and ringing of bells, New York celebrated the marriage of the Hudson with Lake Erie — George Stephenson built a special engine-factory at Newcastle-upon-Tyne in England, that he might create a school of men. I count that enterprise as the date when modern civilization begins. He meant to have men who could build machinery which could be relied upon. He created a school of men. He invented the tubular boiler, and those men and he built the Rocket, and the Rocket won the prize

of five hundred pounds which the Liverpool and Manchester Railway had offered for a workable locomotive engine. The word "locomotive" came into use. Modern civilization was changed.

My father has been called, rightly enough, I think, the founder of the railroad system in New England. When I was a child, he made with his own hand a model of a railway, which stood in our parlor, that he might explain to visitors what he was talking about when he spoke of a rail or a flange or an inclined plane. As a child, I understood as well as I understand now the look of pity on people's faces as they left the room, thinking how sad it was that a man of as much sense as he should give himself up to such delusion. He forced the Legislature of Massachusetts to the formation of an Internal Improvement Commission, and, as a member of that Commission, he wrote its reports after the first.

In earlier reports of the Internal Improvement Board he had followed up in detail the success of Stephenson and of steam power in England. But I cannot but notice that in their first report to their own stockholders the Worcester Railroad Directors do not even allude to steam

power. It seems as if they would not introduce at a business meeting a subject which was still matter of discussion; but the next report takes steam power almost for granted. And it was as early as 1828 that locomotive engines had been used in New Jersey, in Maryland, and in South Carolina. It is in the report of 1832 that there is a full computation made of the saving of steam power over power of horses. Readers in New England will be amused by the statement of the number of persons who travelled between Boston and Worcester in the year 1830 and the year immediately before. Fifty thousand travellers is the largest which can be estimated after you have calculated on stage-coaches and turnpike tolls and have guessed at private vehicles which went over the old road.

In the case of the Boston and Worcester road, Mr. John Milton Fessenden was engaged as engineer-in-chief — a young gentleman who had graduated at West Point only a few years before. It is said in the report that he had travelled in Europe and had seen all the railways in Europe at that time. In his first report he compares the price and value of the T rail against the flat rail which was used on most of the early American roads. He speaks of the Stevens Rail by

name, a bit of which was presented to Mr. Carnegie the other day. When this is spoken of as the first T rail, the first American rail is meant. Stephenson had used the T rail in England before this rail was rolled. Those of us who are more than sixty years old have often ridden over flat rails. The special excitement of such a ride was the possibility that the end of the rail might loosen, and that the wheel of the car might run under the rail instead of above it. In this case the rail became what was called a snake, and, with its sharp point entering the bottom of the car as the train went on, all the passengers who sat directly over the rail were transfixed and spitted as so many pigeons might be prepared on the spit for dinner.

The State of Pennsylvania, with a sort of plucky audacity which, as it seems to me, has characterized Pennsylvania more than once, adopted the scheme of carrying out two plans which were in rivalry.

Louis Philippe used to call himself the representative of the *juste milieu* in France. His radical enemies used to say that the King's principle was this: One set of men said two and two make four; another set of men said two and two make six; and he determined that

two and two make five. This is in truth a good definition of the *juste milieu*. The State of Pennsylvania could not complete a canal from Philadelphia to Pittsburg because of the Alleghany Mountains. Still it wanted to try canals. They started a canal from the Susquehanna up the Juniata. They then took the boats on the rail-

The Pioneer Line Station at Lancaster, Penn.

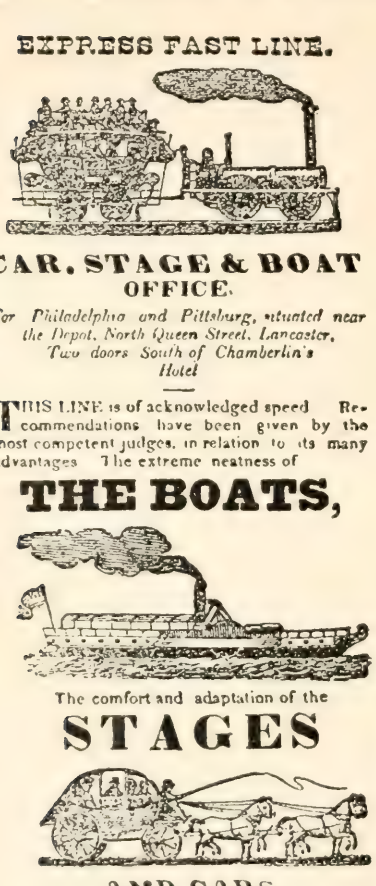
way over the mountains, and on another canal carried them down to the port of Pittsburg.

In the year 1843 the State was forced to suspend the payment of the interest on its loan. The loyal citizens of the State felt very badly about this, and no wonder. The disgrace was vividly pointed out in what may still be remembered as Sydney Smith's letter about Pennsylvania.

The men of character and ability addressed themselves at once to reform the State's finances; the back interest was paid; and at this moment the credit of the State is as high as it ever was. In this crisis the railways and canals were sold to the great Pennsylvania Company who now carry us from Philadelphia to Pittsburg in seven or eight hours, all the way by rail.

The early travellers to the West give very amusing accounts of the transfer from water to land and from land to water. Of such accounts, Dickens's in the "American Notes" is perhaps the best remembered, but there is a very bright sketch by Mrs. Stowe which ought not to be forgotten: —

"'But, say, there ain't any *danger* in a lock, is there?' respond the querists. 'Danger!' exclaims a deaf old lady, poking up her head. 'What's the matter? There ain't nothin' burst, has there?' 'No, no, no!' exclaim the provoked and despairing opposition party, who find that there is no such thing as going to sleep till they have made the old lady below and the young ladies above understand exactly the philosophy of a lock. After a while the conversation again subsides; again all is still; you hear only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WM A HAMBRIGHT.
AGENT FOR EXPRESS LINE.
May 30, 1837

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE EXPRESS LINE BETWEEN LANCASTER, PHILADELPHIA, AND PITTSBURG. From a newspaper of 1837.

the trampling of horses and the rippling of the rope in the water, and sleep again is stealing over you. You doze, you dream, and all of a sudden you are startled by a cry, 'Chambermaid! Wake up the lady that wants to be set ashore.' Up jumps chambermaid, and up jump the lady and two children, and forthwith form a committee of inquiry as to ways and means. 'Where's my bonnet?' says the lady, half awake, and

fumbling among the various articles of that name. 'I thought I hung it up behind the door.' 'Can't you find it?' says poor chambermaid, yawning and rubbing her eyes. 'Oh, yes, here it is,' says the lady; and then the cloak, the shawl, the gloves, the shoes, receive each a separate discussion. At last all seems ready, and they begin to move off, when, lo! Peter's cap is missing. 'Now, where can it be?' soliloquizes the lady. 'I put it right here by the table leg; maybe it got into one of the berths!' At this suggestion the chambermaid takes the candle and goes round deliberately to every berth, poking the light directly in the face of every sleeper. 'Here it is,' she exclaims, pulling at something black under one pillow. 'No, indeed, those are my shoes,' says the vexed sleeper. 'Maybe it's here,' she resumes, darting upon something dark in another berth. 'No, that's my bag,' responds the occupant. The chambermaid then proceeds to turn over all the children on the floor, to see if it is under them. In the course of which process they are not agreeably waked up and enlivened; and when everybody is broad awake, and most uncharitably wishing the cap, and Peter too, at the bottom of the Canal, the good lady exclaims,

'Well, if this isn't lucky; here I had it safe in my basket all the time!' And she departs amid the — what shall I say? — execrations? — of the whole company, ladies though they be."

The Erie Canal.

The old announcements of successive steps in the advance of internal transit are often very funny. Sometimes the appalling ignorance of the future crippled men's best efforts. In the treaty of 1814, only three years before Clinton's first spade blow, and three years after the first Ohio steamboat, it was with difficulty that even Mr. Gallatin and Mr. Clay could be held up at Ghent to the mark of retaining for the United States the great Northwestern Territory. "What

is the use? It only gives you the care of the Indians." Yet in that doubtful territory are now our States of Iowa, Wisconsin, half Michigan, Minnesota, and who shall say how much of the country westward?

Neither Gallatin nor Clay apprehended the value of the steamboat in this matter. Here is a triumphant announcement from the Boston *Weekly Messenger* of November 1, 1811, as to what might be expected of it — "thirty-five miles a day"!

"THE STEAMBOAT

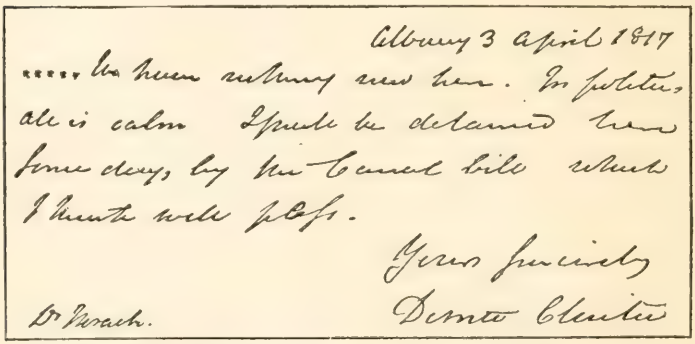
"Built at Pittsburg, by Rosewelt & Co., for the navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, to carry goods and passengers between New Orleans and the different towns on those rivers, was loaded at Pittsburg the beginning of this month, and would sail about the 10th instant for New-Orleans. We are told she is an excellent, well constructed vessel, about 140 feet long, will carry 400 tons of goods, has elegant accommodations for passengers, and is every way fitted in great stile. It is supposed that she will go 35 miles a day against the stream, and thereby make a passage from Orleans to Pittsburg in six weeks; but as she must go considerably

faster with the current, she will make the passage down in two or three weeks."

Observe Rosewelt!

In 1811, as a correspondent reminds me, the passage, even on the Great Lakes from Buffalo to Detroit, required at least five days and often twice as much.

Here is a facsimile of a note of Clinton's, referring to his master-work, written as early as 1817: —


Albany 3 april 1817
..... be here nothing new here. In politics, all is calm. I shall be detained here some days, by the Canal bill which I hope will pass.
Yours sincerely
Dewitt Clinton
Dr Wach.

Part of a Letter written by De Witt Clinton in 1817.

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